

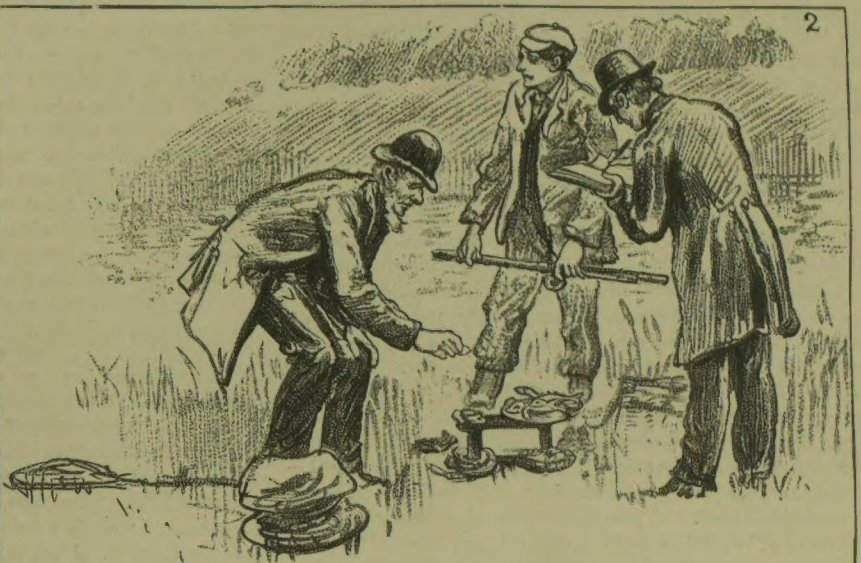
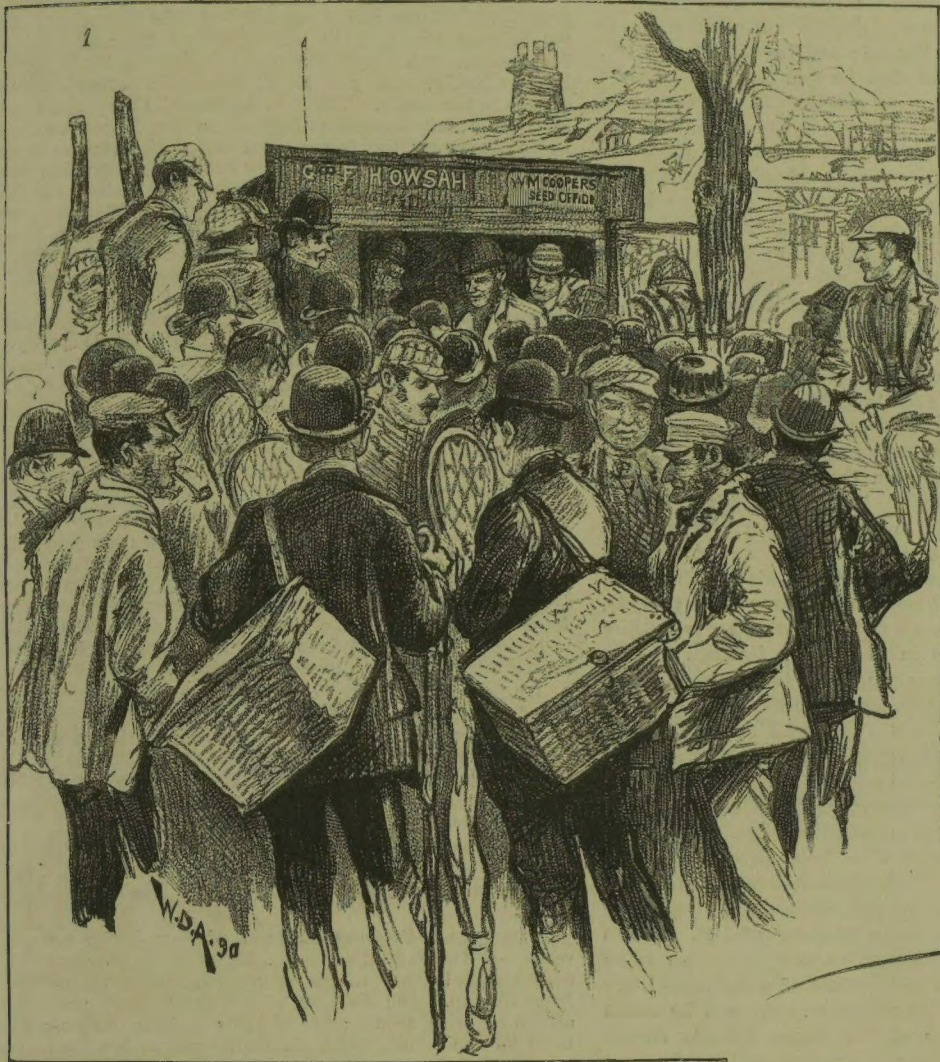
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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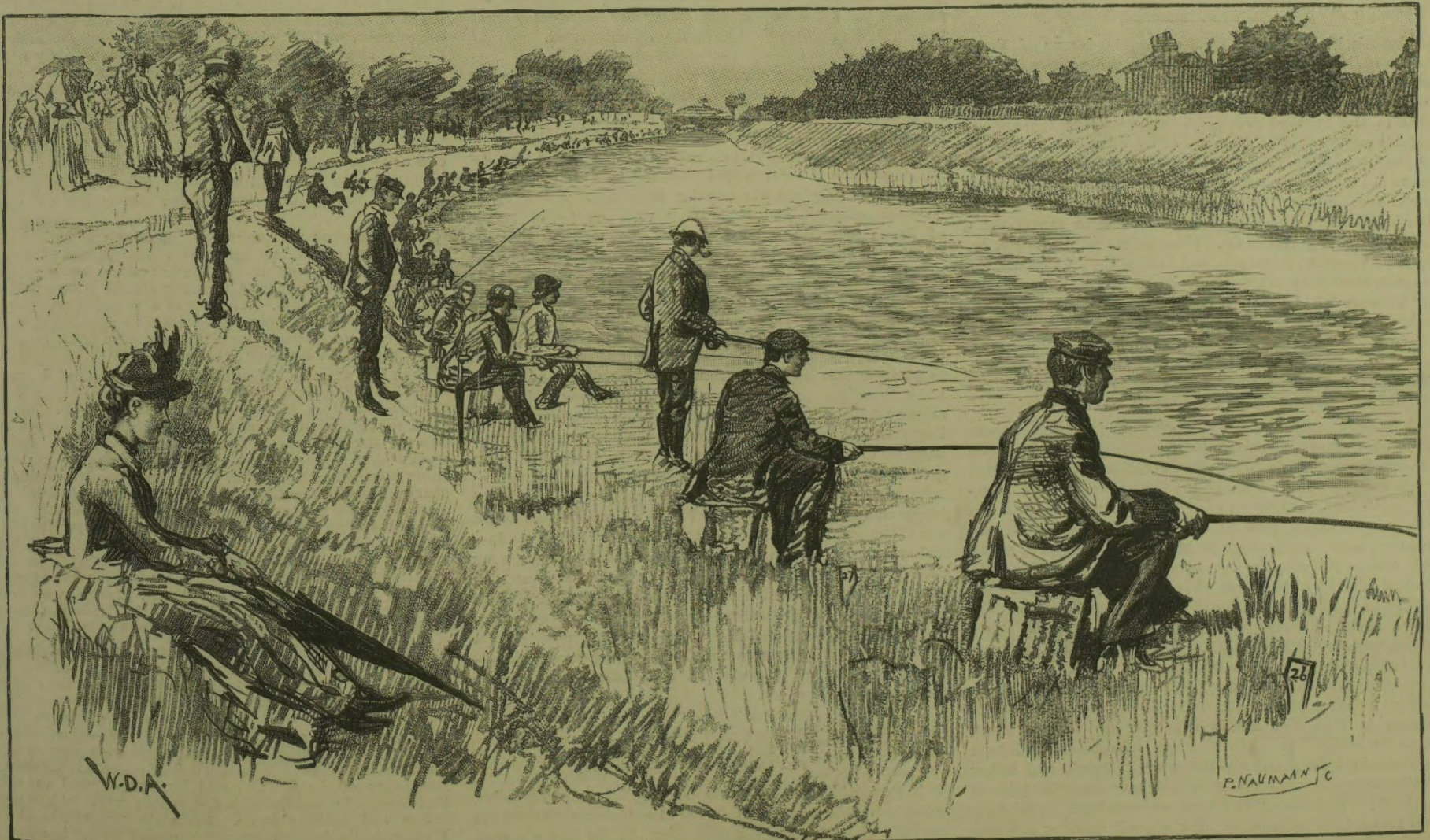
No. 2685.—VOL. XCVII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



1. Drawing Numbers for Fishing Stations.
2. Weighing a Catch.
3. Suspense.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE WATER.

A FISHING COMPETITION IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"It is all very well to talk of doing away with second-class carriages," writes a young lady correspondent, "but where are the men-servants to go? It is well known that they will not travel third class, and, as I cannot afford to travel 'first,' I have always gone 'third' myself to avoid them. For however nobly, my dear Sir, you may write about the equality of mankind, it is not pleasant for a young lady, who meets her rich neighbours at the railway station, to have to part with them on the platform, and exchange their society for that of their footmen. It is even more embarrassing for 'Chawles' or 'Tummas'—whose conversation with one has hitherto been limited to the vintages ('Ock, Miss?')—than to me, and it is mainly on their account that I venture to make my protest. I am told that some gentlemen's gentlemen travel first class, and pay the difference out of their own pockets; but in the majority of cases, the same informant tells me, 'perks do not run to this.' Then, if the second class is done away with, they will be reduced to travel with me. Could not a few third-class carriages, better fitted up, of course, than the rest (because, though 'Chawles' doesn't mind, the Cook is 'very particular'), be reserved in every train 'For Domestic Only'?"

Among the recent discoveries of medical science, as we learn from one of its organs, is the exceptional healthiness of the butcher. The breezes that blow in what Dickens calls "a mutton grove" are, it seems, of the wholesomest kind; when the meat is high it is, probably, like mountain air, but at all times it is of the most strengthening character. None who have seen the butcher's boy, bareheaded, and driving his pony at a rate to beat all trotting records, can doubt his healthy vigour, but until now we did not know that, as Mr. Bumble put it, "it is the meat as does it." He breathes rich juices—embryo gravy—in every breath he draws. He is also abundantly fed on animal food. "These conditions of open-air life and high feeding," says the medical organ, "are especially antagonistic to consumption"—meaning, of course, the disease, and not the result of appetite. A consumptive butcher is like a charitable theologian, or an honest lawyer: he exists, no doubt, but his existence requires corroboration. Under these circumstances, it behoves those who have delicate sons to consider whether benefit to the lungs cannot be combined with the pursuit of a lucrative profession. Davos Platz, Algiers, Colorado, and the other local prescriptions are distant, expensive, and admittedly uncertain in their effects—do, upon the whole, as much harm as good—but in the butcher's shop we have a health-resort literally "round the corner." It does not appear that the killing part of the business is especially salubrious, and it is possible that terms may be arranged under which this branch of the profession—in the case of distaste to bloodshed on the part of the pupil, or of the parents being vegetarians—may be dispensed with. The butcher might take in parlour boarders. The benefits, alike to the invalid and the athlete, of raw meat have long been admitted; but its society—the friendly handling and judicious contemplation of it—has not hitherto been so highly esteemed. As no butcher seems to take more than ten years in making his fortune, this new calling for those of our boys whose future is especially a source of anxiety will be welcome indeed. Moreover—though this is a small matter, and will chiefly appeal to mothers—boys, as Gainsborough has shown us, look particularly well in blue.

There is little to be said, of course, in favour of those unsalaried "running footmen" who pursue your cab, when you are returning from the holidays, with the object of carrying your luggage into the house, often with much detriment to the staircase walls, and sometimes to the loss of portable property. But when one of them has run a mile or two, and, breathless, dusty, and deliquescent, still toils on, he knows not to what bourne—but let us say Kilburn—I think he claims some pity. Under such circumstances a few coppers, distributed with a sweep of the hand so as to spread them will be found very efficacious. Unconscious of plagiarism, he, performs the part of Atalanta, and before the last penny has been recovered your cab is out of sight. The poor devil may be "unemployed," but he has certainly worked hard for that modest honorarium, and when one considers that two infinitely greater blackguards get a hundred pounds apiece, and more, from "noble Lords" for using their fists instead of their feet, with no greater ardour, he does not seem to be overpaid.

A curious story has obtained credence in Bosnia (where people will believe anything) that one of the Rothschilds has been condemned to death by the authorities at Bjelina, and wants a substitute to die for him. The authorities are naturally scandalised, because no millionaire is condemned to death in Bosnia, any more than in more civilised places; but that does not prevent applications for his supposed benefit. It seems, even, that a syndicate has been formed for the proper management of the "operation," and that lots have been drawn for the victim. A million of money is the price suggested that he—or rather his surviving relatives—is to receive, less a certain commission to be divided among his fellow-members. The whole thing has been financed, as it should be, considering the subject in hand, and reflects credit on Bosnia, a thing it has not hitherto enjoyed. What seems strange is that the Bosnians should set such a fancy value on their lives. In China a substitute could have been obtained for about eighteenpence in specie and a box of cigarettes. I wonder what would have been the price in England! Whoever thinks that no substitute would have been found here is in error. For a good man, we are told, there were some of old who would have dared to die; but there are plenty of people nowadays who would do the like, without entering into the question of his goodness, if only he was in a position to make it worth their while. Numerous as

suicides are with us, they would be much more so, but for the clause in our insurance contracts which forbids self-destruction; and how could a man die better, these people would say to themselves, than in thus providing for his family? One wonders how the rates would run, and what would be a gentleman's lowest terms for such an act of self-sacrifice.

It is only a very few people, as we learn from the testimony of the doctors (who naturally see the last of us), who fear Death itself, however they may shrink from a violent end. Nor is the sneer of the sceptic that before people became Christians Death had no terrors by any means borne out by the facts. Dionysius of Syracuse was so exceedingly careful of his precious life that he made his daughters shave him, and got so to mistrust a razor, even in their hands, that he taught them how to singe his hair (as in the present fashion) with the white films of walnut kernels. Artemon the Engineer used always to have a brazen shield held over him, "for fear of something falling" (Heaven knows what, but it could hardly have been the Funds); and Themistocles, at 107, thought it exceedingly hard that he should be cut off, just as his mind was beginning to mature. It was not a bad conscience that alarmed these gentry, for Vespasian, who was as much frightened as any of them, protested that in all his life he had had only one thing to reproach himself with, and even that he could not remember. "Come, come, we know better than that," said his friends (naturally wild with curiosity). "Yes, but you don't know what it was, and you never will," said the Emperor cunningly. And they never did, though they had a shrewd idea that it could not have been a mere peccadillo.

A gentleman has been complaining to the papers (to which some people run exactly like spoilt children to their mother's knee) that he has dropped a florin by mistake for a penny into the slot of an automatic machine, and cannot get it back again from the company; no, nor even the piece of chocolate he bargained for. "Boo, hoo, hoo!" Why, that's nothing to what happened to me when I was a much smaller boy, and yet I did not cry about it. I was taken to "call" upon a most excellent clergyman, who had a missionary-box upon his drawing-room table; the polite function hung rather heavy on my hands, and I was amusing myself with trying whether a five-shilling piece—all the money I had in the world, invested in that gigantic coin for safety, just as people put their savings in the Three per Cents.—would go into the slit in the box. It was a close fit, but unfortunately it did go, and slipped out of my fingers. There was a terrible metallic splash—a rock of silver falling into a sea of coppers—and then, as the novelists say, "I knew no more." When I came to myself, I found my family and the clergyman in raptures over my charitable act. The former were inclined to the belief that it had been merely a generous impulse; but the latter maintained it had been an idea of self-sacrifice, thoroughly thought out, and, though involving rather a shock to the system, by no means to be repented of. In this view, as I knew the reverend gentleman well enough to be quite sure that nothing would induce him to refund my property, I thought it best to acquiesce. He said he would take care that the natives of the Tonga Islands should be informed of what he was pleased to call "this most interesting incident," and the account of it (in the Tonga bi-monthly magazine) was the first appearance of my name in print. I have had no cause to regret my benevolence, though it was rather what Mr. Traddles called "a pull" (and indeed a wrench) at the time, for in after years, when importuned for my mite for these deserving islanders, I have been always able to say, "I have already subscribed."

Japan, although a country with many excellences, is not quite the place from which one expects a lesson in social life. Its morality, like its works of art, is a little out of perspective; and its religion is such an acknowledged failure that it is actually in contemplation to change it for a better one, for which purpose it is even said that a commission is now in Europe inquiring into our popular theologies. Yet it seems on some subjects—and those very vital ones—the people of Japan manifest a judgment and commonsense that are wanting in ourselves. If we are to believe the Press of that country, their view of matrimonial happiness, for example, is far more sensible than that entertained at home. "The principle underlying their whole marital relation is that the affection that makes marriage happy is not the love which precedes union, but the respect, esteem, and sense of mutual helpfulness that grows up afterwards." This is an admirable truth, though it has been ignored by all the poets, and almost all the novelists, of Europe. It has, indeed, been observed of life-long friendship that it is hard that it should be superseded, and have, so to speak, "its nose put out of joint" by a chit of a girl, whom a man has only known for a week; but love is so vehement a passion that (for the time, at least) it sweeps all before it, and there is nothing for poor friendship but to get out of the way. But to compare this sudden flood, as we do—and even give it the pre-eminence—with the deep strong current of married love, with all its common interests, and memories of sun and shade, is ludicrously false. That we sometimes hang ourselves because we cannot marry our first love is nothing to the purpose—we hang ourselves (in Prussia, at least) because we are plucked in our examinations—for we certainly are in no position to estimate her value; we know nothing about her.

Our love is like all other loves,
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river.

Is it reasonable that the loss of this, however attractive, stranger should be weighed in the same balance with that of the wife who has proved herself what, in the former's case, we have only hoped for, and who has halved our sorrows and doubled our joys? Yet it is the lover baulked of his mistress upon whom all the sentiment of fiction is lavished; it has not a word of pity for the widower, though it makes plenty of

fun of him if he marries again. One can only suppose that this distortion of the mirror of life arises from the fact that it is chiefly young people who read novels, and that those children of Mammon, the novelists, appeal to the sympathies of their best clients. In Japan (where there are no serials) people have more commonsense. Of one Japanese, indeed, we read that in his efforts to secure a tried and faithful partner, "whose respect, esteem, &c., should grow up afterwards," he has married no less than five-and-thirty chits of girls, all of whom have disappointed expectation, and (still in hopes) he has just been united to his thirty-sixth bride.

THE COURT.

The Queen has taken drives daily in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. Her Majesty drove out twice on Sept. 27, accompanied in the morning by Countess Feodore Gleichen, and in the afternoon by Princess Beatrice. The Royal dinner party in the evening included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princess Victoria of Wales, Sir Edward Malet, Lady Hastings, and Rear-Admiral H. F. Stephenson. On Sunday morning, Sept. 28, the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household attended Divine service in the castle. The Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of Crathie and Domestic Chaplain to her Majesty, officiated. In the morning the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove to Abergeldie, accompanied by Countess Feodore Gleichen, and visited the Prince and Princess of Wales. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg met her Majesty there. Sir Edward Malet had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 29th the Duchess of Albany visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria also visited the Queen. Madame Albani Gye had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal family. She was accompanied on the piano by Mlle. La Jeunesse.

On Sept. 27 the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales, posted through Braemar from Mar Lodge on their return to Abergeldie Castle. The Prince of Wales killed five stags in Mar Forest in the week ending the 27th. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale also went to Abergeldie on Saturday.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, was on Sept. 29 entertained at dinner by Colonel Heriot and the officers of the Royal Marine Light Infantry at the Royal Marine Barracks, Stonehouse. All the heads of departments, including Colonels of regiments in garrison, the Admiral-Superintendent of the Dockyard, and captains of ships in harbour, were invited to meet his Royal Highness, whose health was drunk with great enthusiasm.

On Sept. 29 the Duke of Cambridge arrived at the Palace Hotel, Edinburgh, accompanied by General Godfrey Clerk and Colonel FitzGeorge. Next day his Royal Highness made a barrack-room inspection of the 13th Hussars and the Cameron Highlanders. He then proceeded to the Castle, and in the evening dined with the officers of the Cameron Highlanders.

The Duchess of Cumberland, sister of the Princess of Wales, completed her thirty-seventh year on Sept. 28; and her second daughter, Princess Alexandra Louise, is eight years of age.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar were the recipients in Dublin, on Sept. 29, of a number of farewell addresses and other tokens of goodwill upon their departure from Ireland. The Fellows of Trinity College presented an album of Irish scenes; the citizens and merchants, a punch-bowl for the Prince and a diamond bracelet for the Princess; and the Dublin tradesmen, a silver salver, weighing 157 oz.

The Queen of Roumania drove from Llandudno on Sept. 27 to Gloddaeth Hall, the seat of Lord Mostyn, and also visited Ormeau Head. On the 28th she attended service at the ancient church of Llanrhos. Llandudno kept holiday on the 29th in honour of the Queen. The school-children paraded before her Majesty and sang hymns, a special ode being recited by the oldest of Welsh bards. She expressed much delight at the compliment, and hoped that the children might always be happy. The Queen paid a visit on the 30th to Lady Augusta Mostyn. Her Majesty received an address from the inhabitants of Llandudno, before leaving North Wales for Balmoral on a visit to the Queen.

At Queen's College, Cambridge, F. A. M'C. Smyth has been elected to an exhibition in Hebrew, value £40 a year.

In Common Hall, held in the Guildhall on Sept. 29, Mr. Alderman Savory was elected Lord Mayor for the coming year.

The handsome new church, of massive and cathedral-like proportions, which has been built near Manchester-square, Marylebone, at a cost of £40,000, to replace the old chapel of the Spanish Embassy, was formally opened on Sept. 29 with Pontifical High Mass. There was a crowded congregation, which included the Spanish Ambassador and his suite, Lord Denbigh, Lord Gainsborough, Count Torre Diaz, and many other prominent Roman Catholic laity.

The first annual Conference of the Institute of Journalists opened at the Council House, Birmingham, on Sept. 27, under the presidency of Alderman Clayton, the Mayor. Mr. H. G. Reid, the retiring president of the institute, moved the reception of the charter of incorporation, remarking that the membership of the institute had increased during the past three years from 700 to 2500. Having formally presented the charter, he subsequently received, at the hands of Sir Algernon Borthwick, the new president, a portrait of himself, which had been subscribed for by the members in recognition of the services he had rendered. Sir Algernon Borthwick afterwards returned thanks for his election. In the evening the members dined with Mr. Reid at Warley Hall, and, later on, attended a Mayoral reception at the Council-house. Letters were sent by the Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. H. M. Stanley expressing good wishes for the institute.

At the Oxford Diocesan Conference, on the closing day a resolution in favour of an early settlement of the Tithe Question was passed. In closing the Conference the Bishop of Oxford commented on the discussions which had taken place, and in regard to that on Brotherhoods expressed doubts whether vows of celibacy should be taken.—The Bishop of Carlisle, at the Carlisle Diocesan Conference, discussing the introduction of the Revised Version of the Bible into the Lectionary of the Church, said he was opposed to asking Parliament to meddle with a question with which it had before had nothing to do. As to the use of the Revised Version, while he strongly recommended its use in the study, he did not think it would be desirable at the present time that it should be generally introduced into the churches. But if any clergyman of his diocese chose to do so he should not be disposed to interfere, except to give private advice if advice were asked.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Nobody who saw Alphonse Daudet's "La Lutte pour la Vie," when it was produced with the original French company by Mr. Mayer at Her Majesty's Theatre, could have imagined for an instant that it would adapt well for the English stage. The preface to the printed book, with its allusion to Darwin and the "survival of the fittest," deceived nobody. It had nothing in the wide world to do with Darwin or any form of science. It was simply a disagreeable play, and a bad play. I do not myself think that any adaptors, however clever, could have done any good with it; nor do I think that any acting, however brilliant, would have relieved it from its original distastefulness. A play with a cowardly selfish hero and with an uninteresting heroine is never likely to succeed, even when the disagreeable nature of the subject is concealed by the glamour of good acting. But in its English dress, apart from Mr. George Alexander and Miss Genevieve Ward, the "Struggle for Life" cannot honestly be said to be well acted. It is a conglomeration of square pegs and round holes. Many a time and oft I have been able to praise Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Webster, and Miss Alma Stanley, and Mr. F. Kerr, but in this particular play I cannot honestly say that they are seen to advantage. It is not their fault. They have taken up characters that are foreign to their style and nature, and they have not succeeded in mastering the difficulty of the task they set themselves. That is all. They may be right and I may be wrong, but I simply do not understand them. I have conceived in my own mind a Chemineau—the friend of the dissolute rakish hero—and the tender-hearted, forging analytical chemist, and the manly old-world postmaster, and the simple loving Lydie, and the showy worldly Jewess, but I do not see them on the stage of the Avenue Theatre—that is all. If I had space here, I could explain what I imagine the author intended them to be. But I don't think Daudet would have cared for the cast of his play at the Avenue Theatre. I feel sure he would have liked the Paul Astier of Mr. George Alexander and the Duchesse Padovani of Miss Genevieve Ward, in spite of the English alterations. They are both human and natural. Alphonse Daudet never intended Paul Astier to sink to his knees in the poisoning scene, or he would have said so. He meant something by the auction scene, or he would never have introduced it. The play is an unfortunate mistake, and I, for one, am sorry that it was ever produced. But, for all that, there may be many playgoers who enjoy the sorrows of an old lady over the infidelities of her young husband, the defiant attitude of a scientific sensualist, and the picture of the vicious hero traced to his doom and shot like a dog by the virtuous chemist. I do not wish to interfere with their pleasure, and I am sure they will be delighted with the liberality of the management and with the acting of Mr. Alexander and Miss Ward. For the rest—the least said, the soonest mended. C. S.

The British Conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations in Birmingham was concluded on Sept. 26. Mr. J. C. Newson, of Cork, presided at the morning sitting. A paper on the attitude of the Young Men's Christian Associations towards the social questions of the day was read by Mr. E. J. Kennedy, London. The author pointed out that on every side societies were being established for the purpose of raising the standard of moral purity, and they welcomed into the field the White Cross Army, the Social Purity Alliance, and every other agency which was doing noble work. They rejoiced to see the splendid organisation which had arisen to promote temperance, and especially they welcomed the Anti-Gambling League. Addresses were then delivered by delegates from Ireland, India, and France, and the conference concluded. The delegates were afterwards entertained to dinner by Mr. J. H. Chance, treasurer of the Birmingham Association.

Mr. Joseph Underhill, Q.C., of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of the newly created borough of West Bromwich.

The Earl of Dartmouth has promised donations amounting to £1450 towards the Bishop of Wakefield's appeal for £50,000 for church work in his diocese.

The introductory address at the London School of Medicine for Women, on the occasion of the opening of the winter session, was given by Mrs. Stanley Boyd, M.D., on Oct. 1.

Mr. D. R. Plunket, M.P., First Commissioner of Works, on Sept. 30 opened the new Public Library in Lurline-gardens, Battersea; and on the following evening Sir John Lubbock, M.P. (Chairman of the London County Council), performed a similar ceremony in connection with Rotherhithe Public Library.

The ballad concerts at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo-road, began on Oct. 2. Operatic tableaux concerts are given on alternate Thursdays. Science lectures are arranged, and there are smoking concerts every Monday and Wednesday. For the "Grand Variety Entertainment" on Saturdays the stars of the music-hall profession are engaged.

Mr. John Sanford Dyason states that the Prince's Pavilion in Regent's Park, of which an Engraving appeared in a recent issue, was raised principally through the exertions of the Regent's Park Senior Cricket Association, who sent several deputations on the subject to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Plunket. Mr. Dyason adds that cricket in Regent's Park has greatly improved since the abolition of the tent.

On the invitation of the Bishop of Lichfield, about ninety Nonconformist ministers living in the diocese assembled at the cathedral city, and after taking part in a devotional meeting, at which his Lordship delivered an address on Christian unity, and several of the ministers offered up prayer, they were entertained at luncheon. Subsequently they visited the cathedral and were present at Evensong, and before leaving for their homes had tea at the Bishop's house.

While the Rev. Prebendary Eyton was preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday morning, Sept. 28, a middle-aged man, seated near the door that leads to the Whispering Gallery, killed himself with two shots from a revolver. The body was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where a card bearing the name "Edward Easton" was found on it. At the afternoon service in the cathedral Canon Scott Holland referred to the sad event in the course of his sermon.

St. George's Hall reopened on Sept. 29 for the autumn season, when Mr. Corney Grain gave a new musical sketch, entitled "The Seaside Mania," reviving in a lively fashion some of the humorous aspects of holiday-making at the seaside. With so many of their own recent experiences brought before them, the audience are convulsed with laughter, and some of Mr. Grain's happiest musical parodies are encored. It is preceded by Mr. Malcolm Watson's lively piece entitled "Carnival Times," in which Mr. Alfred German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Kate Tully, Mr. Avalon Collard, and one or two others take part.

FISHING COMPETITION IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

Boston—not the great American city, but the good old Lincolnshire town, after which the colonists of Massachusetts named their famous city—is an ancient English seaport, on the East coast; while Sheffield, the busy seat of the steel cutlery trade, is quite an inland town of Yorkshire. The pastime of fresh-water angling, curious to observe, has induced these very different towns, or some of their inhabitants, to associate in a pleasant yearly meeting, of which we give a few sketches this week. On Sept. 22 the competition for the second annual angling sweepstakes, promoted by the tradesmen of Boston, took place in the waters of the Cowbridge and Hobhole drains, near Boston. That the tradesmen of Boston profit materially by the daily and weekly visits of Sheffield anglers throughout the angling season is proved by the fact that they can afford annually to give £50 to be competed for by anglers residing within a radius of fifteen miles of Sheffield (whether members of the Sheffield Anglers' Association or not). The Boston executive spared neither trouble nor expense to render satisfaction, the sole cause being that Sheffield anglers did not attend in such numbers as last year, when 1295 competed. The weather at Sheffield on the Sunday night was by no means of



AN OLD FISHERMAN.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

an assuring character, as rain fell in torrents, and the morning opened threatening. The special train that day conveyed only a moderate number of anglers, but the greater number of intending competitors had gone to Boston on Saturday and Sunday. On arriving at Boston a visit to Bargate Green showed the committee to be hard at work assigning the competitors their respective stations, the draw being conducted on greatly improved lines from that of last year. Owing to the entries, which numbered almost 700, having all been secured previous to Saturday night, there was an absence of that confusion usually associated with the assignment of stations for such a large number of anglers. The entrance fee was fixed at the moderate sum of 1s., and by two o'clock the 597 fishermen were in their stations, all those with tickets numbering from 1 to 300 being located towards Cowbridge, and those from 300 to 700 towards Hobhole. Fishing commenced at two o'clock, and continued two hours, during which time the weather was fine and favourable for fishing, consequently the catches were above the average. The best take consisted of twenty roach, which weighed 6 lb., while the last five, who tied for a fishing-rod given by Mr. Munkman, Bargate, Boston, each caught 1 lb. 2 oz. Immediately after four o'clock the "weighers-in" commenced their arduous task; after two hours' work the books were checked,



THE LARGEST FISH CAUGHT.

when it was found that the highest weights of fish caught were 6 lb., by George Lingard, who thereby won the first prize, £10; 5 lb. 14 oz., Walter Darrin, second prize, £7 10s.; the third prize, £5, was taken by G. W. Rogerson, for his catch of 5 lb. 7 oz.; and the fourth prize, £2 10s., by William Brown, whose catch weighed 5 lb. 6 oz. Ten prizes of £1 each, and many of less value, were awarded in the same manner; altogether, fifty-seven competitors divided the sweepstakes. The general arrangements were perfect, and carried out without the slightest hitch, under the supervision of an efficient working committee, of which Messrs. E. Borkwood and C. Elston were secretaries; W. W. Mitchell, treasurer. The prizes were distributed at the Angel Hotel. It is rather a curious coincidence that the first prize winner, George Lingard, lives at 1, Boston-street, Sheffield, and was No. 1 in the sweepstakes at Boston.

OCTOBER TREES.

One need not be pheasant-shooter, pike-fisher, courser, or cub-hunter, much as October offers to each of these, to appreciate the charm of this delightful month. It is only necessary to have an eye which can recognise the everyday beauties round it, and some admiration of woodland scenery, to find an interest, which to anyone of the least artistic taste is perennial, in the hues, tints, and gradations which in October the commonest copse offers to the observer who has, that is, any sense of colour and its variety.

To a good many people, and among them who have been born, bred, and lived most of their lives among woods, a tree is a tree, and nothing more. But there are differences which, when once the observant eye has been trained to notice and admire them, must always be beautifully perceptible. Perhaps, whatever may be said of an English summer in a part of England which presents to the view a wide expanse of flat and rich country, with only a glimpse of foliage here and there, there is no time of the year in a wooded country which for beauty of colouring and contrast equals October.

Trees, like human beings, vary very much in their ways. The old lay of the pre-railway time of the "Three Jolly Postboys," so popular in the Regency days, assumes that the "leaves fall in October" simultaneously. This is not so; but the inside of the Dragon was probably more familiar to those convivial roysterers than the aspects of the woods between which they rode, thinking more of the quality of the "fares" inside the postchaise than of the leaves which rustled round them in the autumn winds. The leaves certainly fall in October, but they do so in order.

Yet, before any fall, it is worth the while of many who find beauties abroad which they never realise at home to see the richly diversified tints and hues of forest trees, which at the point between fulness of colouring and decay make the most commonplace landscape wear an air of grandeur only then recognised. Even if you be of the opinion of Pepys's Lord Carnarvon (though the remark has been popularly fathered elsewhere), that trees are a mere excrescence of the earth for the payment of debts, you will still admit there never yet was excrescence so beautiful.

Among the earliest to lose its leaves is found the lime—a tree which, as many famous ones in London show, can flourish amid the myriad chimneys when "in populous city pent," as among the varied companions around in the loveliest wood. With it may be ranked the beautiful horse-chestnut, which, with its fine green leaves and "spikes pyramidal" of red-and-white flowers, makes one of the most magnificent feasts for the eye in early summer. About the same time the birch and ash also begin to lose their leafy honours. And, looking on each of these trees, the observer will notice that their autumnal hues vary from a greenish yellow to a gold colour, the latter exquisitely beautiful when the sun dispersing an autumn mist gleams on the leaves. The four trees may vary individually in the tinting, but the gamut of colour for them will be found to be as here described.

But hard by, perchance, a glare of brilliant red makes vivid contrast. This will possibly be a sycamore, possibly a plane—this is another tree which takes kindly to London air—and between yellow and bright red the range of tint for these, which are among the rarer amid most woodland trees, will lie. An ancient sycamore in an "old-world, careless ordered garden" is beautiful indeed when the full tinge of autumn has appeared on its broad leaves.

And all these hues are yet again different from the elms, which in lonely majesty rise from the hedgerows, or stand sentinel at the rustic gate, or huddled footpath entrance which leads into the silent copse. Rich and deep is the orange brown, somewhat recalling the "orange-tawny" description in many an old "kind-hearted playbook" which characterises the aged elms. Their hue is all their own. And it can be distinguished from the tint of the beech, which for so many ages has been held the most beautiful and poetic, as far as associations go, of forest trees. For the tree of Tityrus wears at this time a deep shade of brown, which gradually melts into red. A beech of this hue, with the sun shining fitfully on it, is indeed a thing to study and to recollect when far away from its silent loveliness. The younger beech-trees during a mild winter will often hold their leaves until the new growth has "pushed them from their stools." As a rule with trees, however, the fall of the leaf indicates life, for, in the generality of cases, were the leaves to adhere to the trees it would be a loss of vitality, as in the natural fall of the leaf the sap retreats to the root, and by the contraction of the vessels produces that remarkable change which is especially characteristic of the autumn.

From the varied hues of brown, yellow, and crimson the eye turns gratefully to the cool, refreshing green. This is dark in the hardy larch and pine, sombrely dark and glossily gleaming in the cheerful holly. But the main green hues are found in the typical British tree, the oak, which from Druidical times has stood pre-eminent, no other having been so uninterceptedly, so universally esteemed, its acorns or oak-corn having been primal food in this island; for, as Cowley has it:—

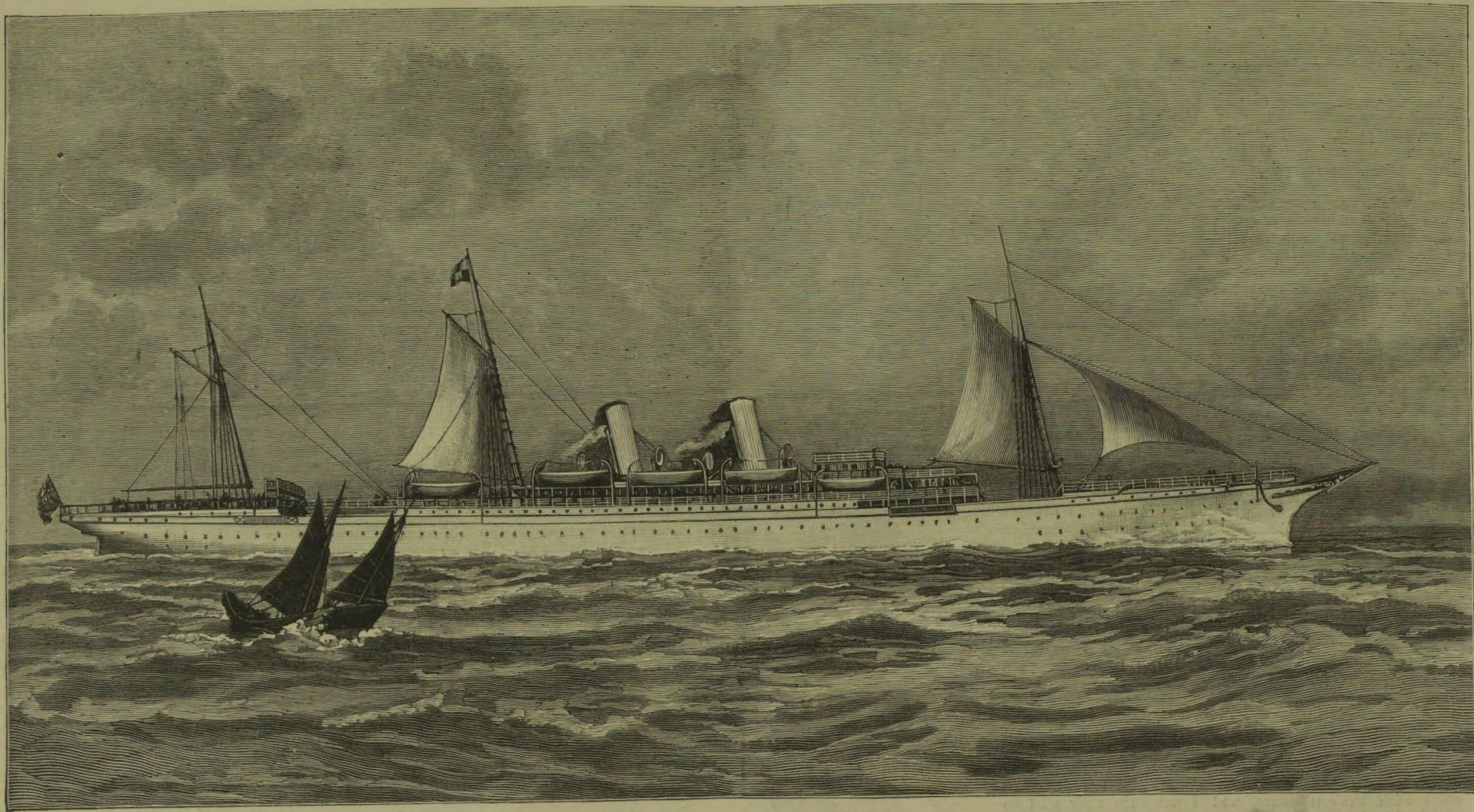
Heroes on earth once lived, men great and good;
Acorns their food. Thus fed, they flourished,
And equalled in their age the long-lived oak.

verses which crystallise many ancient ideas of different nations as to this stately tree.

No trees differ more than do these in the variations of their autumn dress. Side by side with some copse they may stand, yet each differing in hue. Some are dark green, others light green; others, again, of a russet colour—for that word most accurately seems to describe the shade of brown which we see. The circumstances of age and of soil have much to do with this, but the variety is indeed charming. Generally speaking, the oak-branches, however, contribute a deep green to the surrounding characteristic autumnal hues, which, as they are among the commonest, so are among the most beautiful feasts for the thoughtful eye.

F. G. W.

A steam tram-car on the North London line left the rails while proceeding along Green-lanes on Sept. 27, and came in violent collision with a lamp-post. About twenty passengers were injured.



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW STEAM-SHIP EMPRESS OF INDIA.

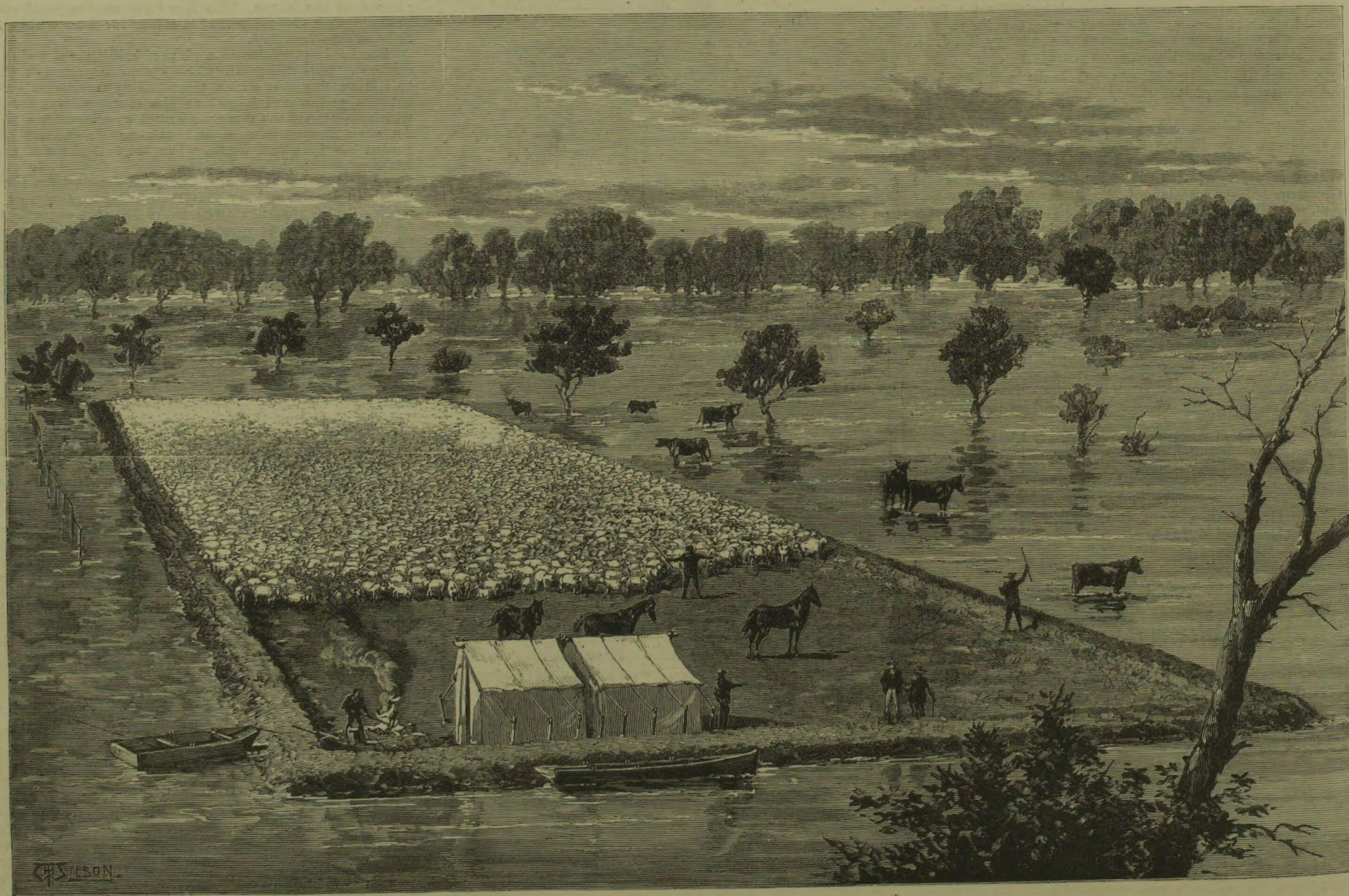
FLOODS IN AUSTRALIA.

Though drought is sometimes the worst disaster on Australian sheep-runs and cattle-runs, occasional destructive floods, in certain localities, may imperil a large amount of pastoral property. We are furnished with an illustration of the energetic measures taken by Mr. J. S. Gordon, manager of the Brewon station, near Walgett, by which many thousands of sheep and bullocks were saved, during the floods of last April, in New South Wales. He rapidly constructed a dam around the homestead, and gathered nearly the whole of the live

stock within its protection. When the inundation was at its height, the nearest dry land was twelve miles distant. Only twenty head of cattle and under 250 sheep were lost. Walgett is a town in the sheep country of the Salt Bush, on the upper Darling River, about 470 miles north-west from Sydney. The Brewon station, at which the dam was constructed and the stock were saved, is a portion of the large station belonging to Messrs. Mackay Brothers. It is surrounded by the Castlereagh, Macquarie, and Barwon Rivers, the last-mentioned river being the most considerable affluent of the Darling. In the *Australasian* there is a particular account of this affair.

STEAM-SHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Naval Construction and Armaments Company have launched from their yard at Barrow a magnificent twin-screw steel steamer, the first of three built to the order of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. This forms a necessary link between two important parts of our Colonial empire, and will enable the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to carry passengers for China and Japan with great speed and comfort. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which was commenced in



FLOODS AT THE BREWON STATION, NEW SOUTH WALES, WITH DAM ERECTED TO SAVE CATTLE AND SHEEP.



SIR WILLIAM ASHTON: "Nay, never shrink from custom." LUCY ASHTON: "Sir—your servant; I am ashamed that I have said so much." EDGAR: "And from my heart I quit you of the shame."

SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY OF "RAVENSWOOD" (ACT II., SCENE 3), AT THE LYCEUM.

1883, and, under contract with the Government of the Dominion of Canada, was to be completed in October 1890, was actually finished, and had trains running through from Halifax and Quebec to Vancouver in November 1885. The Imperial Government called for tenders for a mail-service by first-class steam-ships between Vancouver and Japan and China, specially constructed to carry troops and guns. The three vessels now building by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, Limited, at Barrow-in-Furness, are contracted to do 18 knots on the measured mile, and 16½ knots on a 400-miles sea trial. Their engines indicate about 10,000-horse power, and they are propelled by twin-screws, the engine-room being divided by a fore-and-aft bulkhead, and the propeller, or tail-end shaft, being carried within the structure of the hull to the very extremity, thus doing away with the external support known as the "A" bracket principle. The hull is subdivided by twelve transverse watertight bulkheads. Of these, three forward and two aft are without doors of any kind, while the remaining seven have specially constructed watertight doors, and all sluice doors in the bunkers are provided with screens to prevent falling coal blocking the doors. The four boilers supplying the engines with steam are placed in two compartments divided by a cross bunker, and are fully protected by wing bulkheads and side bunkers. Arrangement is also made for the protection of the engines by coal in the event of the vessels being taken up as armed cruisers.

The dimensions of the vessels are: Length over all, 435 ft.; between perpendiculars, 440 ft.; breadth, moulded, 51 ft.; depth, moulded, 36 ft.; tonnage, 5700 tons gross. They are lightly rigged with pole-masts and fore-and-aft canvas, and their form, both under and above water, is of such symmetry and fineness as to insure their easily attaining the high speed required. The steering engines, which are of the best and strongest make, are connected with a drum working on the rudder head, which is again controlled by a patent hydraulic brake.

The arrangements and fittings for passengers are of the most complete and luxurious kind. The vessels are lighted throughout by electricity, and are thoroughly ventilated by a series of electric fans, each three feet in diameter and delivering about 400,000 cubic feet of air per hour. The vessels will carry, in addition to passengers, about 4000 tons of tea, and are specially designed with side ports and side hatches, arranged with a view to the speedy reception and delivery of cargo.

The armament of the ships will consist of the latest type of 4.7-in. guns, which will be stored at Vancouver and Hong-Kong, so that the ships can be fully armed and made ready for their cruiser duties in the space of a few hours.

It is the intention of the company to dispatch these vessels to their stations as soon as they are delivered by the builders, and an opportunity will be afforded to passengers to make a trip round the world, proceeding to China through the Suez Canal, calling at all the various ports of interest en route from China to Japan, and across the North Pacific Ocean to Vancouver, whence the trans-continental journey will be made by the trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Montreal and New York, at which ports the passengers will have a choice of the Atlantic lines to return to Europe.

"RAVENSWOOD" AT THE LYCEUM.

Our well-known dramatic critic, "C. S.," bestowed full attention, last week, on Mr. Henry Irving's effective representation of the new play, by Mr. Herman Merivale, which borrows its subject from one of Sir Walter Scott's finest tales, "The Bride of Lammermoor." The scene chosen for our illustration is that in which Edgar, the unfortunate master of Ravenswood, meets Lucy Ashton in the presence of her father. We need not add one word of commentary to what has been written. The performance of the actors, Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Alfred Bishop, in these characters, has been sufficiently appreciated. The Lyceum audiences, for many nights to come, will form their own opinion, but the play is an assured success.

The revenue of the United Kingdom during the last quarter amounted to £19,909,032, of which £1,143,798 was transferred to the local taxation account, being an increase of £588,934. For the first half of the current financial year there was a net increase of £1,557,301.

The autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales opened at Swansea on Sept. 29. The members were welcomed by the Mayor, Alderman Freeman. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton; and in the evening a public meeting was held, under the auspices of the Congregational Total Abstinence Association.

On Sept. 29 the Bishop of Southwell consecrated a new church at Underwood, in the parish of Selston, near Alfreton, Derbyshire. The church, which is dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, has been presented to the parish by Earl Cowper, who is lord of the manor of Selston and a large local landowner. At Underwood extensive colliery works have recently been opened, and a large population has, therefore, been attracted to the district. The church will seat 400 persons. Lady Cowper has also made substantial gifts to the new church.

In the illustration of the Hunza or Burishki race of the Pamir, accompanying the article on Dr. Leitner's ethnological and linguistic researches, published last week, the names belonging to two of the figures represented were accidentally transposed. The man on the extreme left, standing with his sword drawn, is the Hunza man, who was brought to England by Dr. Leitner; whereas the man standing at the extreme right is the son of a Syed priest from Nagyr, who furnished Dr. Leitner with some of the most interesting dialogues, illustrative of native habits and customs, which are given, with an interpretation and commentary, in the volume published at Calcutta by the Indian Government.

The fourth of the series of National Exhibitions, initiated and organised at Earl's Court by Mr. John R. Whitley will be held next year, and opened in April. It will comprise the arts and industries of Germany, and also include, in the sections of Fine Arts and Artistic Industries, exhibits from Germany's near neighbour and ally, the German-speaking country of Austria. The number of applications from intending exhibitors is already sufficiently numerous to justify the assertion that, in every sense, the Exhibition will be thoroughly

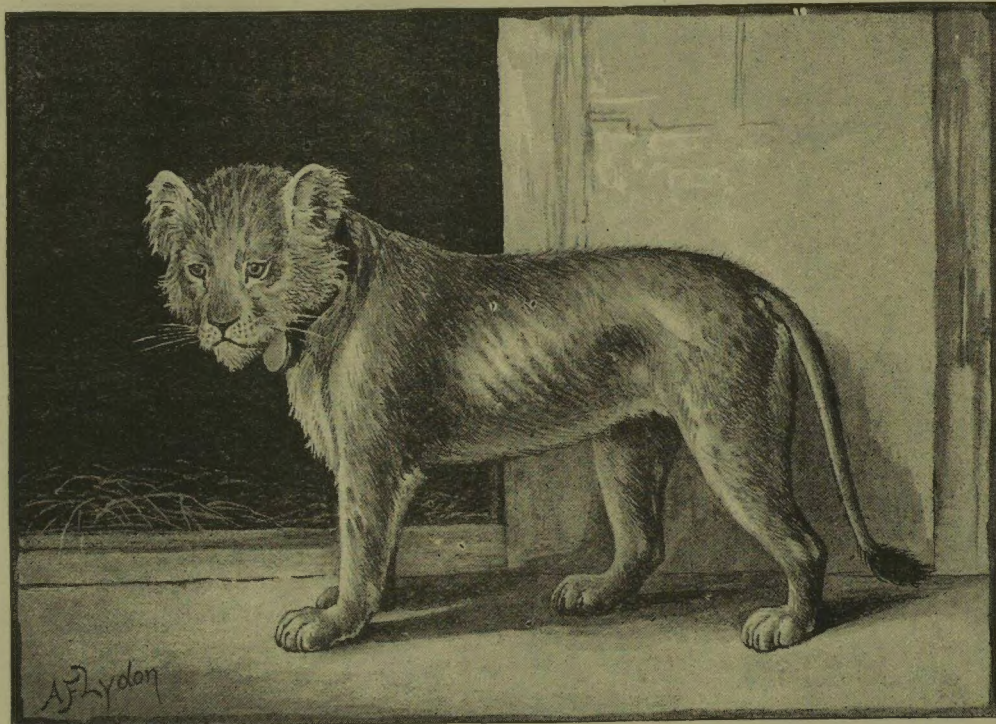
representative. Mr. Whitley has recently returned from Germany and Austria, and is much encouraged by the manner in which his invitation has been received in those countries. A large proportion of the intending exhibitors have determined to display the process of manufacture of their goods, and the Fine Art section will be particularly excellent. The German colony in London are taking up the undertaking very warmly, and the various attractions which will be afforded in the gardens and grounds will materially assist in making the Exhibition both fashionable and popular.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. Arthur Antwis Hopkins to the office of metropolitan police-magistrate, vacant by the resignation of Mr. L. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt. Mr. Hopkins, who was born in 1855, was educated at Rugby School, whence he proceeded as an Exhibitioner to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in honours. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in January 1879, and has practised on the Midland Circuit, occupying also the post of counsel to the Mint authorities at Birmingham Sessions.

The annual Church Congress has this year been held at Hull, where the members were received on Sept. 30 by the Mayor, and afterwards welcomed by the Wesleyan Methodist and other Nonconformist bodies. The opening sermons were almost exclusively devoted to social subjects. In the absence of the Archbishop of York, through illness, the Bishop of Durham presided, and delivered the opening address, in which he dealt with some of the social problems of the time, and the duty of the Church in relation thereto. Afterwards in one section of the Congress the afternoon was occupied with discussing the relations of Church and State, and condemning the project of Disestablishment. In the other section systematic instruction in religion to counteract unbelief was warmly advocated. In the evening the Congress discussed, in one section, the Church's attitude towards strikes and wages disputes, and in the other section dealt with sanitation.

AN AFRICAN LION CUB.

Visitors to the Zoological Society's Gardens may see the latest gift to her Majesty from an African potentate among the animals under the care of Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the interesting collection. This is a lion cub, sent by the



LION CUB PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY BY THE SULTAN OF SOKOTO.

Sultan of Sokoto, which arrived at Liverpool by the African Mail Steamer Mandingo. Mr. Bartlett travelled from London especially to receive the gift, which came through the Royal Niger Company, between whom and the Sultan a very friendly feeling exists. The cub is very tame, and during the voyage was allowed considerable liberty, and was a great pet of the passengers and crew. Sokoto, on the Upper Niger, is one of the most important Mohammedan States in Western Africa, and has been reserved to the sphere of British influence by the recent Convention with France.

The Lurline Gardens branch of the Battersea Public Libraries was opened on Sept. 30, by Mr. J. S. Gilliat, M.P. for Clapham. This is the third institution of the kind in Battersea.

There were 2453 births and 1453 deaths registered in London in the week ending Sept. 27—the former being 254 below, while the latter exceeded by 36, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution has received a legacy of £5000 under the will of the late Mr. Andrew Pickard, of Leeds and Ossett, for building and maintaining five life-boats on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland.

At the annual meeting of the Manchester Technical Schools a letter was read from Chancellor Christie, one of the legatees of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, stating that the legatees were about to increase their gifts to the institute. In future, the Technical School will form part of the Whitworth Institute, and a new building is to be erected upon a site in Whitworth-street, which the legatees have already presented for that purpose. Chancellor Christie stated that the legatees intend to give and convey to the school property in Peter-street, of which at present they have only the use, and which cost £10,000. In addition to this a considerable sum has been expended upon it. The legatees have undertaken to provide £1000 a year for the school for a few years, and they have already made two annual payments of this amount; but as the Corporation of Manchester, under the recent Act, have arranged to pay £2000 a year to the school, this annual contribution promised by the legatees will not be required. They are willing, in lieu of this, to provide the sum of £5000 towards the building fund. This would make up the contribution of the legatees to the sum of £29,000, and makes the total building fund now available £49,000. The total expenditure on the building Chancellor Christie estimated at something under £100,000. The meeting passed a resolution of thanks to the legatees, and a further resolution was adopted transferring the property of the school to the Whitworth Institute.

THE "IRON GATES" OF THE DANUBE.

The work of blowing up the masses of rock which form the dangerous rapids known as the Iron Gates, on the Danube, was inaugurated on Sept. 15, when the Greben Rock was partially blown up by a blast of sixty kilogrammes of dynamite, in the presence of Count Szapary, the Hungarian Premier; M. Baross, Hungarian Minister of Commerce; Count Bacquehem, Austrian Minister of Commerce; M. Grutch, the Serbian Premier; M. Jossimovitch, Serbian Minister of Public Works; M. De Szogyenyi, Chief Secretary in the Austro-Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and other Hungarian and Serbian authorities. Large numbers of the inhabitants had collected on both banks of the Danube to witness the ceremony, and the first explosion was greeted with enthusiastic cheers.

The history of this great scheme was told at the time the Hungarian Parliament passed the Bill on the subject two years ago. It is known that the Roman Emperor Trajan, seventeen centuries ago, commenced works, of which traces are still to be seen, for the construction of a navigable canal to avoid the Iron Gates.

For the remedy of the obstruction in the Danube, much discussed of late years, there were two rival systems—the French, which proposed to make locks, and the English and American, which was practically the same as that of Trajan—namely, blasting the minor rocks, and cutting canals and erecting dams where the rocks were too crowded. The latter plan was in principle adopted, and the details were worked out, in 1883, by the Hungarian engineer Willandt. The longest canal will be that on the Serbian bank, with a length of over two kilometres and a width of eighty metres. It will be left for a later period to make the canal wider and deeper, as was done with the Suez Canal. For the present it is considered sufficient that moderate-sized steamers shall be able to pass through without hindrance, and thus facilitate the exchange of goods between the West of Europe and the East.

The first portion of the rocks to be removed, and of the channels to be cut, runs through Hungarian territory; the second portion is in Serbia. The new waterway will, it is anticipated, be finished by the end of 1895, and then, for the first time in history, Black Sea steamers will be seen at the quays of Pesth and Vienna, having, of course, previously touched at Belgrade. The benefit to Serbian trade will then be quite on a par with that of Austria-Hungary. Even Germany will derive benefit from this extension of trade to the East. These, however, are by no means the only countries which will be benefited by the opening of the great river to commerce. Turkey, Southern Russia, Roumania, and Bulgaria, not to speak of the States of the West of Europe, will reap advantage from this new departure. England, as the chief carrier of the world, is sure to feel the beneficial effects of the Danube being at length navigable from its mouth right up to the very centre of Europe.

The removal of the Iron Gates has always been considered a matter of European importance. The Treaty of Paris stipulated for freedom of navigation on the Danube. The London Treaty of 1871 again authorised the levying of tolls to defray the cost of the Danube regulation; and Article 57 of the Treaty of Berlin entrusted Austria-Hungary with the task of carrying out the work. By these international compacts the European character of the great undertaking is sufficiently attested.

The work of blasting the rocks will be undertaken by contractors in the employ of the Hungarian Government, as the official invitation for tenders brought no offers from any quarter. The construction of the dams, however, and the cutting of several channels to compass the most difficult rocks and rapids, will be carried out by an association of Pesth and other firms. The cost, estimated altogether at nine million florins, will be borne by the Hungarian Exchequer, to which will fall the tolls to be levied on all vessels passing through the Gates until the original outlay is repaid.

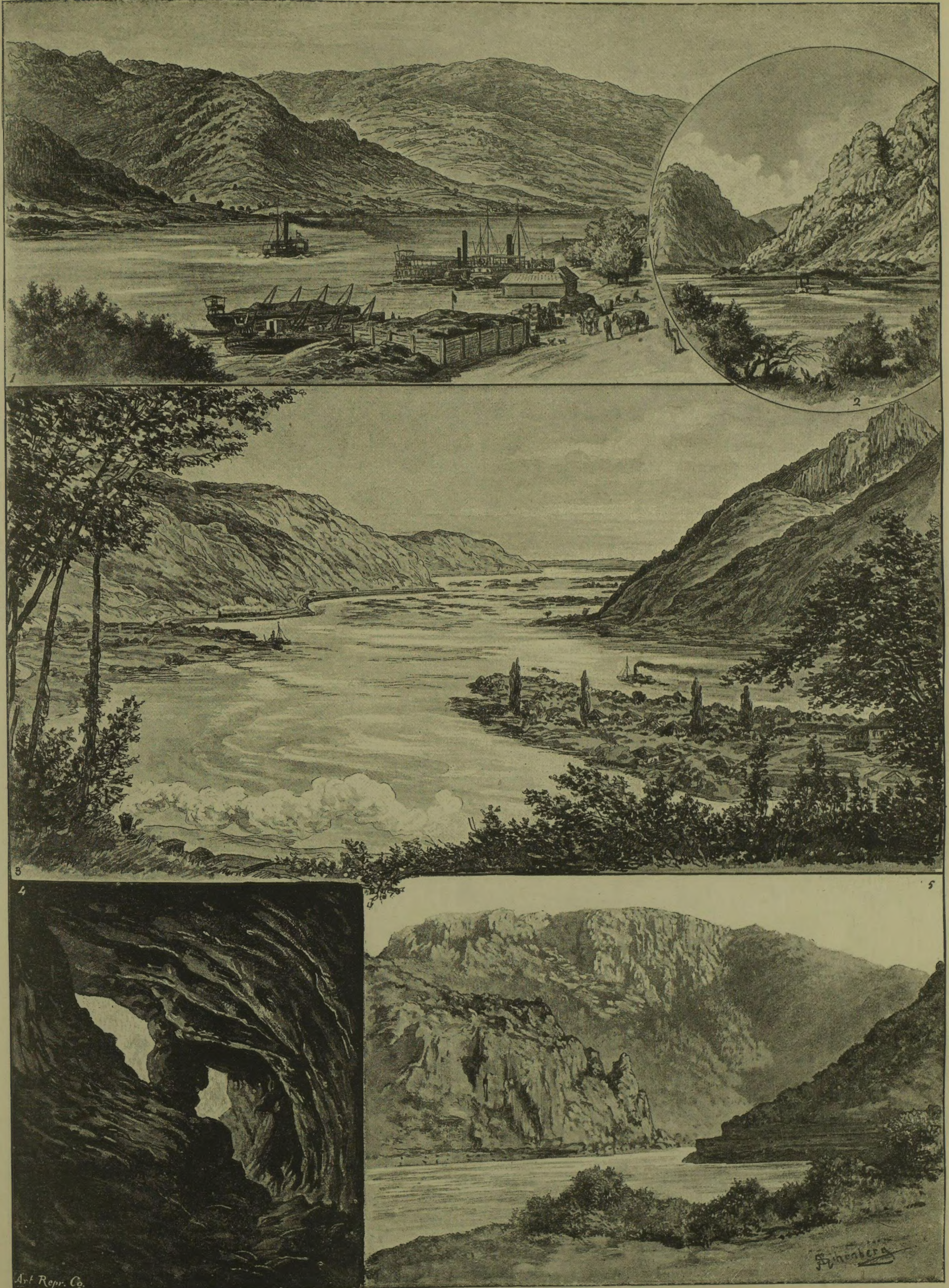
HORSE-RACING ON THE GOLD COAST.

The dull monotony of social life on the Gold Coast was agreeably relieved by the excitement of the annual race meeting, on Aug. 8 and next day, being the third year of the Accra Races. The principal race of the first day was won by Mr. Ali's Barbadari, a black half-bred Barb, which, in the contest for the Victoriaborg Cup, beat the favourite and champion in previous years' races, Tetteh, a local-bred roan, owned by Mr. T. F. Bruce. On the second day, Barbadari was less successful in the Brandford Cup contest, which was won by Mr. E. Bannerman's Nobbs by half a head. Great excitement prevailed among the Mohammedan population on the first day, in consequence of the success of Barbadari, whose owner is a Mohammedan gentleman, a native officer of the Gold Coast Constabulary. The Accra natives, however, had their triumph next day, and Nobbs's owner, a local solicitor, was carried shoulder-high by his excited countrymen. Barbadari and Tetteh were ridden by native jockeys on the first day, but on the following day Barbadari was ridden by a European, and so was Nobbs. The ponies were all heavily weighted, in consequence of the want of light-weight jockeys, and the handicapping was rather severe, Barbadari carrying two stone extra weight on the second day. Our illustration, from the pencil of Mr. E. Rice, foreman of works in the Colonial service, illustrates the struggle between Barbadari and Nobbs for the Brandford Cup. The races were under the patronage of the Governor of the Colony, Sir Brandford Griffith, K.C.M.G., who, with his suite, witnessed the performances from the Grand Stand; this was tastefully decorated with flags and tropical evergreens.

M. Alphonse Karr, the celebrated novelist, died on Sept. 30, in his eighty-second year.

Lieutenant-General Sir George Harman, Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, has had two years' extra tenure of his present office granted to him, so that he will not vacate his appointment in November.

The London County Council met on Sept. 30 for the first time after the recess—Sir J. Lubbock presiding. Sir T. Farrer thanked the Council for electing him Vice-Chairman. The report of the Water Supply Committee, urging that if the necessary power were given by Parliament the committee should be authorised to enter into tentative negotiations with the water companies, was adopted.



1. Harbour of Orsova.

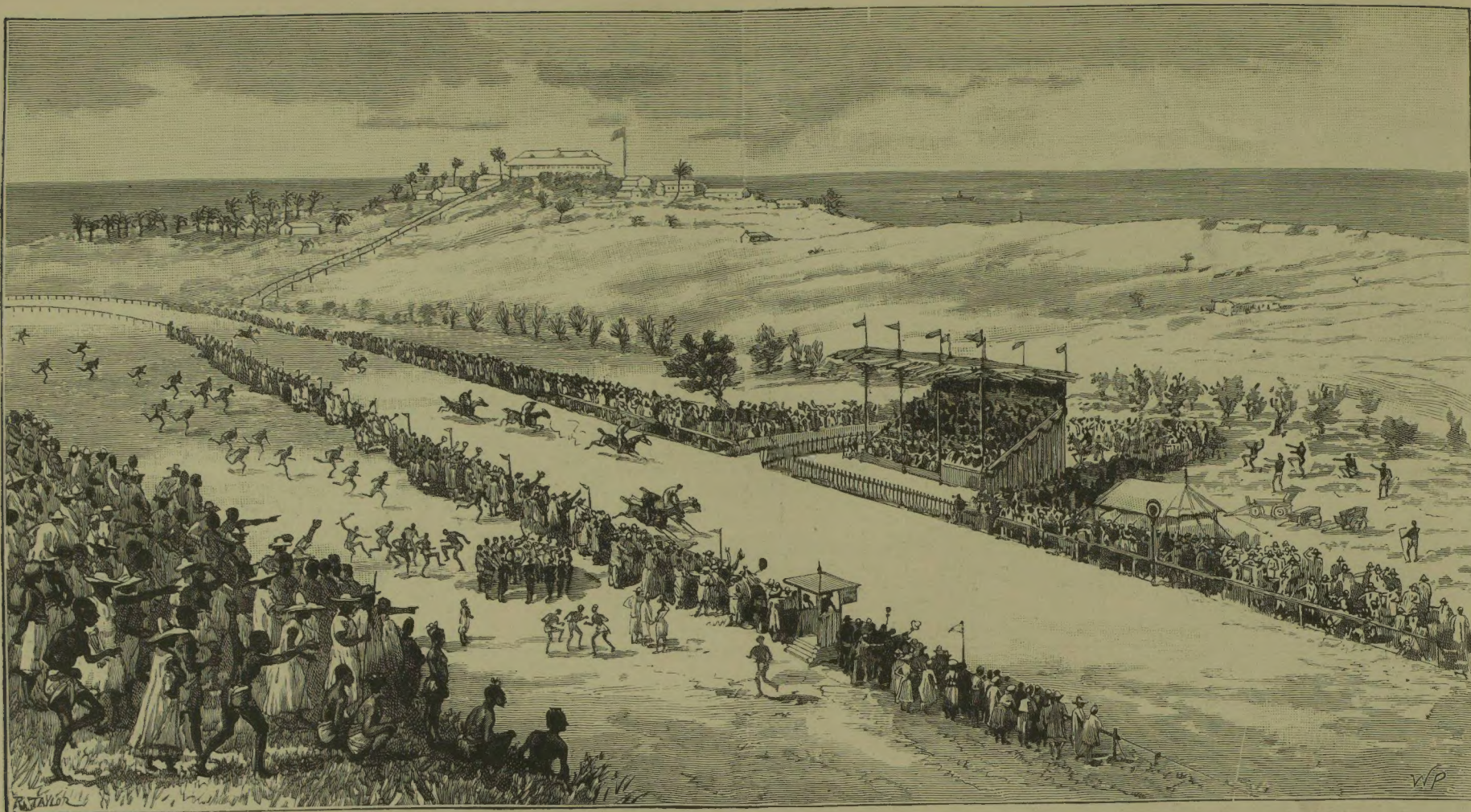
2. Klissura.

3. The Iron Gates seen from Mount Arion.

4. Cave of Dubova.

5. The Kasan Pass.

SKETCHES OF THE IRON GATES ON THE DANUBE.



HORSE-RACING AT ACCRA, ON THE GOLD COAST: RACE FOR THE BRANDFORD CUP.

COLON, CENTRAL AMERICA.

A great part of the main street of the town of Colon, or Aspinwall, the Atlantic Ocean port of the Panama Railway, has recently been destroyed by fire. This place is in the territory of the Spanish American Federal Republic of Colombia, whose dominion, including the north-west part of South America, with its capital, Santa Fé de Bogota, extends

along the Isthmus of Panama to the frontier of Costa Rica. Colon is a small town, of less than ten thousand inhabitants, which has grown up in connection with the railway terminus, and which usually bears, among its commercial patrons of the United States, the name of Aspinwall, from one of the founders of the railway; but the natives choose to call it Colon, from the proper name of Columbus, whose statue, sheltering an aboriginal Indian under his arm, is erected in a public square. Its

situation, on a marshy island close to the mainland, which is overgrown with rank tropical vegetation, is unhealthy for European residents; but there is a pleasant drive or promenade along the sea-shore by the Pasco-Coral, and the houses of the Consuls, merchants, and railway officials, as well as the hotels, are handsomely and comfortably built, while most of the other dwellings are, or were, inferior wooden structures. The stoppage of the Panama Canal Works has affected Colon.



FRONT STREET, COLON, THE SEAPORT OF CENTRAL AMERICA, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

"Oh! write to whom you will, but I cannot—will not—help you"; and the youth, to whom I had never spoken of a woman before, walked away to the tent door, seeming marvellous perturbed.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XIV.

Such sights and scenes as these will show the chivalrous army with whom I served in but an indifferent light. And ill it would beseech me, who remember this time with pride, and the gloomy pleasure of my latter life, to stain the fair fame of English chivalry or to discredit with the foul life of its outer remnant our gallant army or that Royal person who shone in the white light of his day, the bravest knight and the gentlest King of any then living.

This Sovereign was, above everything, a soldier. He observed all that passed in his camp with extraordinary acumen. It was my chance, soon after we joined the army, to catch his eye by some small deed of prowess in a mêlée near his standard, and that shrewd Sovereign called me to him, and asked my name and fame—the which I answered plausible enough, for my tongue was never tied by the cold sterility of truth—and then, pointing to where there lay on his shield a famous dead English captain of mercenaries, asked me if I would do duty for that soldier. I knew the troops he had led. They were grizzled veterans, rough old dogs every one of them, who had rode their close-packed chargers, shoulder to shoulder, through the thick tangles of a hundred fights. I had seen them alone, those stern old fellows, put down their lances and, all together, like the band of close-united brothers that they were, go thundering over the dusty French campagnas, and, to the music that they loved so well of ringing bits and hollow-sounding scabbards, of steel martingale and harness—delighting in the dreadful odds—charge ten times their number, and burst through the reeling enemy, and override and trample him down, and mow great swathes from his seething ranks, and revel in that thunderous carnage, as if the red dust of the mêlée were the sweetest air that had ever fanned their aged beards!

"Ah! Prince!" I said, speaking out boldly as that remembrance came before me, "by Thor! if those good fellows will take so young a one as I for leader, in place of a better, I will gladly let it be a compact."

"They will have you readily enough," replied the King, "even if it were not mine by right to name their captain, according to their rules." And, mounting the grey palfrey he rode in camp, the better to spare his roan war-horse, he took me to where the troops were ranged up after the charge that had cost them their leader, and gave them over to me.

Thus was I provided with a lordly following, and the King's gratitude for my poor service expressed; but still I appeared strangely to haunt the Sovereign's memory. He looked back at me once or twice as though I were something most uncommon, and not long afterwards he would have me sup with him.

It happened as we fell back from the farthest limit of our raid, burning and plundering as we went along the Somme. One evening a fair French château on a hill, bending down by grassy slopes to the slow stream below, had fallen to our assault. In truth, that fair pile had found us rude visitors! Twice in the storm the red flames had burst out of its broad upper corridors, and twice had been subdued. Its doors and gateways were beaten in, its casements burst and empty, the moat about it was full of dead men, the ivy hung in unsightly tatters from its turrets, and on the smooth grass glacis coping-stone and battlement—hurled on us by the besieged as we swarmed to the ladders—lay in crumbling ruins. Yet it was, as I say, a stately place, even in its new-made desolation; and I was standing at the close of a long dusty autumn day by my tent door, watching the yellow harvest moon come over the low French hills, and shedding as it rose a pale light over the English camp and that lordly place a little set back from it, when down through the twilight came a page who wore on sleeve and tunic-breast the Royal cognisance. Was I, he questioned, the stranger knight new come from England, and, that being answered, he gave his message: "King Edward would be glad if that knight would take his evening meal with him?"

I went—how could I else?—and there in the great torn and disordered hall of the castle we had taken was a broad table spread and already laid with rough magnificence. Page and squire were hurrying here and there in that stately pillared chamber, spreading on the tables white linens that contrasted most strangely with the black, new-made smoke-stains on the ceiling; piling on them gold and silver basins and ewers and plates bent and broken, just as our men-at-arms had saved them from pillaged crypts or rifled treasure-cells. Others were fixing a hundred gleaming torches to the notched, scarred columns of that banquet-place, and while one would be wiping half-dried blood of French peer and peasant from floor and doorway, or sprinkling rushes or sawdust on those gory patches, another was decanting redder burgundy—the which bubbled most pleasantly to thirsty soldier ears as it passed in gushing streams from the cellar skins to supper flagon! It was an episode full of quaint contradictions!

But it was not at the feast I looked—not at the gallant table already flashing back the gleaming crimson lights from its stored magnificence. There, round that hall, in groups and twos and threes, chatting while they waited, laughing and talking over the incidents of the day, were some hundred warlike English nobles. And amid them, the most renowned warrior where all were famous, the tallest and most resolute-looking in a circle of heroes, stood the King. His quick, restless eye saw me enter, and he came towards me, slighting my reverence, and taking my hand like one good soldier welcoming another. He led me round that glittering throng, making me known to prince and captain, and knight and noble, and ever as we went a hush fell upon those gallant groups. May be 'twas all the King's presence, but I doubt it. It was not on him all eyes were fixed so hard, it was not for him those stern soldiers were silent a spell and then fell to whisper and wondering among themselves as we passed down the pillared corridor—ah! nor was it all on account of that familiar, kingly host that the page-boys in gaping wonder upset the red wine, and the glamourous sewers forgot to set down their loaded dishes as they stood staring after us! No matter! I was getting accustomed to this silent awe, and little regarded it. It was but the homage, I thought, their late-born essences paid unwitting to my older soul.

Well! we talked and laughed a spell, seeming to wait for something, the while the meat grew cold, and then the arras over the great arch at the bottom of the hall lifted, and with hasty strides, like those late to a banquet, came in two knights. The first was black from top to toe—black was his dancing plume, black was his gleaming armour, black were his gloves and gages, and never one touch of colour on him but the new golden spurs upon his heels and the broad jewel belt that held his cross-handled sword.

As this dusky champion entered, a smile of pleasure shone over the King's grave face. He ran to him and took his hand, the while he put his other affectionately on his shoulder.

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"My dear boy!" he said, forgetting monarch in father, "I have been thinking of thee for an hour. You are working too hard; you must be weary. Are there no tough captains in my host that you must be in the saddle early and late, and do a hundred of the duties of those beneath you, trying with that young hand of yours each new-set stake of our evening palisades, sampling the rude soldiers' supper-rations, seeing the troop go down to water, and counting and conning the lay of the Frenchman's twinkling watch-fire? My dear hungry lad, you are over-zealous—you will make me grieve for that new knighthood I have put upon you!"

"Oh, 'tis all right, father! I am but trying to infuse a little shame of their idle ways into this silken company of thine. But I do confess I am as hungry as well can be—hast saved a drink of wine and a loaf for me?"

"Saved a loaf for thee, my handsome boy! Why, thou shouldst have a loaf though it were the last in France, and though the broad stream of England's treasure were run dry to buy it. We have waited—we have not e'en uncovered."

"Why, then, father, I will set the example. Here! some of you squires, discover me; I have been plated much too long!" and the ready pages ran forward, and with willing fingers rid the young prince of his raven harness. They unbuckled and unriveted him, until he stood before us in the close-fitting quilted black silk that he wore beneath, and I thought, as I stood back a little way and watched, that never had I seen a body at once so strong and supple. Then he ran his hands through his curly black hair, and took his place midway down the table; the King sat at the head; and when the chaplain had muttered a Latin grace we fell to work.

It was a merry meal in that ample hall, still littered under the arches with the broken rubbish of the morning's fight. The courteous English King sat smiling under the stranger canopy, and overhead—rocking in the breeze that came from broken casements—were the tattered flags our dead foeman's hands had won in many wars. Our table shone with heaped splendour shot out from the spoil-carts at the door; the King's seneschal blazed behind his chair in cloth of gold; while honest rough troopers in weather-stained leather and rusty trappings (pressed on the moment to do squires' duty) waited upon us, and ministered, after the fashion of their stalwart inexperience, to our needs. Amid all those strange surroundings we talked of wine, and love, and chivalry; we laughed and drank, tossing off our beakers of red burgundy to the health of that soldier Sovereign under the dais, and drank deep bumpers to the grey to-morrow that was crimsoning the eastern windows ere we had done. Indeed, we did that night as soldiers do who live in pawn to chance, and snatch hasty pleasures from the brink of the unknown while the close foeman's watch-fires shine upon their faces, and each forethinks, as the full cups circle, how well he may take his next meal in Paradise. Of all the courtly badinage and warrior-mirth that ran round the loaded table while plates were emptied and tankards turned, but one thing lives in my mind. Truth, 'twas a strange chance, a most quaint conjunction, that brought that tale about, and put me there to hear it!

I have said that when the Black Prince entered the banquet hall there came another knight behind him, a strong, tall young soldier in glittering mail, something in whose presence set me wondering how or where we two had met before. Ere I could remember who this knight might be, the King and Prince were speaking as I have set down, and then the trumpets blew and we fell to meat and wine with soldier appetites, and the unknown warrior was forgotten, until—when the feast was well begun—looking over the rim of a circling silver goblet of malmsey I was lifting, at a youth who had just taken the empty place upon my right—there—Jove! how it made me start!—unhelmeted, unharnessed, lightly nodding to his comrades and all unwotting of his wondrous neighbourhood, was that same Lord Codrington, that curly-headed gallant who had leant against me in the white moonlight of St. Olaf's cloisters when I was a blessed relic, a silent, mitred, listening, long-dead miracle!

Gods! you may guess how I did glare at him over the sculptured rim of that great beaker, the while the red wine stood stagnant at my lips—and then how my breath did halt and flag as presently he turned slow and calm upon me, and there—a foot apart—the living and the dead were face to face, and front to front! I scarce durst breathe as he took the heavy pledge-cup from my hand—would he know me? would he leap from his seat with a yell of fear and wonder, and there, from some distant vantage-point among the shadowy pillars, with trembling finger impeach me to that startled table? Ho! I saw in my mind's eye those superstitious warriors tumbling from their places, the while I alone sat gloomy and remorse at the littered tressels, and huddling and crowding to the shadows—as they would not for a thousand Frenchmen—while that brave boy with chattering teeth and white fingers clutched upon the Kingly arm did, incoherent, tell my tale, and with husky whisper say how 'twas no soldier of flesh and blood who sat there alone at the long white table, under the taper lights, self-damned by his solitude! I waited to see all this, and then that soldier, nothing wotting, glanced heedlessly over me—he wiped his lips with his napkin, and took a long draught of the wine within the cup. Then smiling as he handed it on, and turning lightly round as he laughed, "A very good tankard indeed, Sir Stranger—such a one as is some solace for eight hours in a Flemish saddle! But there was just a little too much nutmeg in the brew this time—didst thou not think so?"

I murmured some faint agreement, and sat back into my place, watching the great beaker circle round the table, while my thoughts idly hovered upon what might have chanced had I been known, and how I might have vantaged or lost by recognition. Well! the chance had passed, and I would not take it back. And yet, surely fate was sporting with me! The cup had scarcely made the circle and been drained to the last few drops among the novices at the farther end, when I was again in that very same peril!

"You are new from England, Lord Worringham," the young Earl said across me to a knight upon my other hand: "is there late news of interest to tell us?"

"Hardly one sentence. All the news we had was stale reports of what you here have done. Men's minds and eyes have been all upon you, and each homeward courier has been rifled of his budget at every port and village on his way by a hundred hungry speculators, as sharply as though he were a rich wanderer beset by footpads on a lonely heath. The common people are wild to hear of a great victory, and will think of nothing else. There is not one other voice in England—saving, perhaps, that some sleek City merchants do complain of new assessments, and certain reverent abbots, 'tis said, of the havoc you have played with this year's vintage."

"Yes," answered the Earl with a laugh, "one can well believe that last. Sanctity, I have had late cause to know, is thirsty work. Why, the very Abbot of St. Olaf's himself, usually esteemed a right reverent prelate, did charge me at my last confessional to send him hence some vats of malmsey! No doubt he shrewdly foresaw this dearth that we are making."

* The Black Prince, then sixteen years of age, was knighted on the Normandy beach, where the expedition landed.

"What!" exclaimed the other Knight, staring across me. "Hast thou actually confessed to that bulky saint? Mon Dieu! but you are in luck! Why, Lord Earl, thou hast disburdened thyself to the wonder of the age—to the most favoured son of Mother Church—the associate of beatified beings—and the particularly selected of the Apostles! Dost not know the wonder that has happened to St. Olaf's?"

"Not a whit. It was ordinary and peaceful when I was there a few weeks back."

"Then, by my spurs, there is some news for you! You remember that wondrous thing they had, that sleeping image that men swore was an actual living man, and the holy brothers, who, no doubt, were right, declared was a blessed saint that died three hundred years ago? You too must know him, Sir," he said, turning to me, and looking me full in the face: "you must know him, if you ever were at St. Olaf's."

"Yes," I answered, calmly returning his gaze. "I have been at St. Olaf's at one time or another, and I doubt if any man living knows that form you speak of better than I do myself."

"And I," put in the devout young Earl, "know him too. A holy and very wondrous body! Surely God's beneficence still shields him in his sleep?"

"Shields him! Why, Codrington, he has been translated; removed just as he was to celestial places; 'tis on the very word of the Abbot himself we have it, and, where good men meet and talk in England, no other tale can compete for a moment with this one."

"Out with it, bold Worringham! Surely such a thing has not happened since the time of Elijah?"

"'Tis simple enough, and I had it from one who had it from the Abbot's lips. That saintly recluse had spent a long day in fast and virgils amid the cloisters of his ancient abbey—so he said—and when the evening came had knelt after his wont an hour at the shrine, lost in holy thought and pious exercise. Nothing new or strange appeared about the Wonder. It lay as it had even lain, silent, in the cathedral twilight, and the good man, full of gentle thoughts and celestial speculations, if we may take his word for it—and God forbid I should do otherwise!—the holy father even bent over him in fraternal love and reverence the while, he says, the beads ran through his fingers as Ave and Paternoster were told to the sleeping martyr's credit by scores and hundreds. Not a sign of life was on the dead man's face. He slept and smiled up at the vaulted roof just as he had done year in and out beyond all memory, and therefore, as was natural, the Abbot thought he would sleep on while two stones of the cathedral stood one upon another."

"He left him, and, pacing down the aisles, wended to the refectory, where the brothers had near done their evening meal, and there, still in holy meditation, sat him down to break that crust of dry bread and drink that cup of limpid water which (he told my friend) was his invariable supper."

"Hast thou ever seen the reverend father, good Worringham?" queried a young knight across the table as the storyteller stopped for a moment to drink from the flagon by his elbow.

"Yes, I have seen him once or twice."

"Why, so have I," laughed the young soldier—"and, by all the Saints in Paradise, I do not believe he sups on husks and water."

"Believe or not as you will, it is a matter between thyself and conscience. The Abbot spoke, and I have repeated just what he said."

"On with the story, Lord Earl," laughed another: "we are all open-mouthed to hear what came next, and even if his Reverence—in holy abstraction, of course—doth sometime dip fingers into a venison pasty by mistake for a bread trencher, or gets hold of the wine-vessel instead of the water-beaker—'tis nothing to us. Suppose the reverent meal was ended—as Jerome says it should be—in humble gladness, what came then?"

"What came then?" cried Worringham. "Why, the monks were all away—the tapers burnt low—the Abbot sat there by himself, his praying hands crossed before him—when wide the chancery door was flung, and there, in his grave-clothes, white and tall, was the saint himself!"

Every head was turned as the English knight thus told his story, and, while the younger soldiers smiled disdainfully, good Codrington at my side crossed himself again and again, and I saw his soldier lips trembling as prayer and verse came quick across them.

"Ah! the saint was on foot without a doubt, and it might have chilled all the breath in a common man to see him stand there alive, and witful, who had so long been dead and mindless, to meet the light of those sockets where the eyes had so long been dull! But 'tis a blessed thing to be an abbot!—to have a heart whiter than one's mother's milk, and a soul of limpid clearness. That holy friar, without one touch of mortal fear—it is his very own asseveration—rose and welcomed his noble guest, and sat him i' the dais, and knelt before him, and adored, and, bold in goodness, waited to be cursed or canonised—withered by a glance of those eyes no man could safely look on, or hoist straight to St. Peter's chair, just as chance should have it."

"Wonderful and marvellous!" gasped Codrington. "I would have given all my lands to have knelt at the bottom of that hall whose top was sanctified by such a presence."

"And I," cried another knight, "would have given this dinted suit of Milan that I sit in, and a tattered tent somewhere on yonder dark hill side (the which is all I own of this world), to have been ten miles away when that same thing happened. Surely it was most dread and grim, and may Heaven protect all ordinary men if the fashion spreads with saints!"

"They will not trouble you, no doubt, good comrade. This one rose in no stern spirit to rebuke, but as the pale commissioner of Heaven to reward virtue and bless merit. Ill would it beseech me to tell, or you, common, gross soldiers of the world, to listen to what passed between those two. 'Twere rank sacrilege to mock the new-risen's words by retailing them over a camp-table, even though the table be that of the King himself; and who are we, rough, unruly sons of Mother Church, that we should submit to repetition the converse of a prelate with one we scarce dare name!" Whereon Worringham drank silently from his goblet, and half a dozen knights crossed themselves devoutly.

"And there is another reason why I should be silent," he continued. "The Abbot will not tell what passed between them. Only so much as this: he gives out with modest hesitance that his holy living and great attainment had gone straight to Heaven than the smoke of Abel's altar-fire, and thus, on these counts and others, he had been specially selected for Divine favours, and his ancient Church for miracle. The priest, so the Wonder vowed, must be made a cardinal, and have next reversion of the Papal chair. Meanwhile pilgrims were to hold the wonder-shrine of St. Olaf's no less holy tenantless than tenanted, to be devout, and above all things liberal, and pray for the constant intercession of that Messenger who could no longer stay. Whereon, quoth the Abbot, a wondrous light did daze the watcher's sight—unheard, unseen of other men, the walls and roof fell wide apart—and

then and there, amid a wondrous hum of voices and countless shooting stars, that Presence mounted to the sky, and the Abbot fell fainting on the floor!"

"Truly a strange story, and like to make St. Olaf's coffers fuller than King Edward's are."

"And to do sterling service to the reverend Prior! What think you, Sir?" said one, turning to me who had kept silent all through this strange medley of fact and cunning fiction. "Is it not a tale that greatly redounds to the holy father's credit, and like to do him material service?"

"No doubt," I answered, "it will serve the purpose for which 'twas told. But whether the adventure be truly narrated or not only the Abbot and he who supped with him can know."

"Ah!" they laughed, "and, by Our Lady! you may depend upon it the priest will stick to his version through thick and thin."

"And by all oaths rolled in one," I fiercely cried, striking my fist upon the table till the foeman's silver leapt (for the lying Abbot's story had moved my wrath), "by Thor and Odin, by cruel Osiris, by the bones of Hengist and his brother, that saint will never contradict him!"

Shortly after we rose, and each on his rough pallet sought the rest a long day's work had made so grateful.

Yes! we sought it, but to one, at least, it would not come for long! Hour after hour I paced in meditation about my tent with folded arms and bent head, thinking of all that had been or might have been, and, after that supper of suggestions, the last few weeks rose up strongly before me. Again and again all that I had seen and done in that crowded interval swept by my eyes, but the one thing that stayed while all others faded, the one ever-present shadow among so many, was the remembrance of the fair, unhappy girl Isobel. Full of rougher thoughts, I have not once spoken of her, yet, since we landed on this shore, her winning presence had grown on me every day I lived, and now to-night, here, close on the eve, as we knew it, of a desperate battle, wherefrom no man could see the outcome, the very darkness all about me, after the flickering banquet lights, was full of Isobel. I laughed and frowned by turn to myself in my lonely walk that evening, to find how the slighted girl was growing upon me. Was I a silly squire at a trysting-place, decked out with love-knots and tokens, a green gallant in a summer wood, full of sighs and sonnets, to be so witched by the bare memory of a foolish white wench who had fallen enamoured of my swart countenance? It was idle nonsense; I would not yield. I put it behind me, and thought of to-morrow—the good King and my jolly comrades—and then there again was the outline of Isobel's fair face in the yellow rift of the evening sky; there were Isobel's clear eyes fixed, gentle and reproachful, on me, and the glimmer of her white draperies amid the shifting shadow of the tent, and even the evening wind outside was whispering as it came sighing over the wild grass lands—"Isobel!" Ah! and there was something more behind all that thought of Isobel. There were eyes that looked from Isobel's shadowy face, wherever in my fancy I saw it, that filled me with a strange unrest, and a whisper behind the whispers of that maiden voice that was hers and yet was not—a fine thin music that played upon the fibres of my heart; a presence behind a haunting presence; a meaning behind a meaning that stirred me with the strangest fancies. And before another night was over I understood them!

Well, in fact and in deed, I was in love like many another good soldier, and long did I strive to find a specific for the gentle malady, but when this might not be—why, I laughed! the thing itself must needs be born; 'twas a common complaint, and no great harm; when the war was over, I would get back to England, and, if the maid were still of the same way of thinking—had I not stood a good many knocks and buffets in the world?—a little case would do me good. Ah! a very fair maid—a fair maid, indeed! And her dower some of the fattest land you could find in a dozen shires!

Thus, schooling myself to think a due entertainment of the malady were better than a churlish cure, I presently decided to write to the lady; for, I argued, if to-morrow ends as we hope it may, why, the letter will be a good word for a home-ward travelling hero crowned with new-plucked bays; and if to-morrow sees me stiff and stark, down in yon black valley, among to-morrow's silent ones, still 'twill be a meet parting, and I owe the maid a word or two of gentleness. I determined, therefore, to write to her at once a scroll, not of love—for I was not ripe for that—but of compassion—of just those feelings that one has to another when the spark of love trembles to the kindling but is not yet ablaze. And because I did not know my own mind to any certainty, and because that youth Flamaucœur was both shrewd and witty—as ready-witted and as nimble, indeed, with tongue and pen as though he were a woman—I determined it should be he who should indite that epistle and ease my conscience of this duty which had grown to be so near a pleasure.

I sent forthwith for Flamaucœur, and he came at once, as was his wont, sheathed in comely steel from neck to heel, his close-shut helm upon his head, but all weaponless as usual, save for a toy dagger at his side.

"Good friend," I said, "you carry neither sword nor mace. That is not wise in such a camp as this, and while the Frenchman's watchfires smoke upon the eastern sky. But, never mind, I will arm thee myself for the moment. Here"—passing him the things a writer needs—"here is a little weapon wherewith they say much mischief has been done at one time or another in the world, and some sore wounds taken and given; wield it now for me in kinder sort, and write me the prettiest epistle thou canst—not too full of harebrained love or the nonsense that minstrels deal in—but friendly, suave, and gentle, courteous to my lady-love!"

"To whom?" gasped Flamaucœur, stepping back a pace. "Par Dieu, boy!" I laughed. "I spoke plain enough! Why, thou consumed dog in the manger, while thy own heart is confessedly in condition of eternal combustion, may not another knight even warm himself by a spark of love without your glowering at him so between the bars of thine iron muzzle? Come! Why should not I love a maid as well as you—ah! and write to her a farewell on the eve of battle?"

"Oh! write to whom you will, but I cannot—will not—help you," and the youth, who knew nothing of my affections, and to whom I had never spoken of a woman before, walked away to the tent door and lifted the flap, looked out over the dim French hills, seeming marvellously perturbed.

Poor lad, I thought to myself, how soft he is! My love reminds him of his own, and hence he fears to touch a lover pen. And yet he must. He can write twice as ingenious, shrewd as I, and no one else could do this letter half so well. "Come, Flamaucœur! indeed, you must help me. If you are so sorry over your own reflections, why, the more reason for lending me thy help. We are companions in this pretty grief, and should render to each the help due between true brothers in misfortune. I do assure you I have near broken a maiden heart back in England."

"Perhaps she was unworthy of thy love—why should you write?"

"Unworthy! Gods! She was unhappy, she was unfortunate—but unworthy, never! Why, Flamaucœur, here, as I have been chewing the cud of reflection all these days, I have begun to think she was the whitest, sweetest maid that ever breathed."

"Some pampered, sickly jade, surely, Sir Knight," murmured the young man in strange jealous-sounding tones whereof I could not fail to heed the bitterness; "let her by, she has forgotten thee mayhap, and taken a new love—those pink-and-white ones were ever shallow!"

"Shallow! you wayward boy! By Hoth! had you seen our parting you would not have said so. Why, she wept and clung to me, although no words of love had ever been between us."

"A jade, a wanton!" sobbed that strange figure there by the shadowy tent-flap, whereon, flaming up, "God's death!" I shouted, "younger, that goes too far! Curb thy infernal tongue, or neither thy greenness nor unweaponed state shall save thee from my sword!"

"And I," quoth Flamaucœur, stepping out before me—"I deride thy weapon—I will not turn one hair's breadth from it—here! point it here, to this heart, dammed and choked with a cruel affection! Oh! I am wretched and miserable, and eager against all my instincts for to-morrow's horrors!"

Whereat that soft and silly youth turned his gorget back upon me and lent against the tent-pole most dejectedly. And I was grieved for him, and spun my angry brand into the farthest corner, and clapped him on the shoulder, and cheered him as I might, and then, half mindful to renounce my letter, yet asked him once again.

"Come! thou art steadier now. Wilt thou finally write for me to my leman?"

"By every saint in Paradise," groaned the unhappy Flamaucœur, "I will not!"

"What! not do me a favour and please thy old friend, Isobel of Oswaldston, at one and the same time?"

"Please whom?" shrieked Flamaucœur, starting like a frightened roe.

"Why, you incomprehensible boy, Isobel of Oswaldston, thy old playmate, Isobel. Surely I had told thee before it was of her I was thus newly enamoured?"

What passed then within that steel casque I did not know, though now I well can guess, but that slim gallant turned from me, and never a word he spoke. A gentle tremor shook him from head to heel, and I saw the steel plates of his harness quiver with the throes of his pent emotion, while the blue plumes upon his helmet-top shook like aspen-leaves in the first breath of a storm, and over the bars of his cruel visor there rippled a sigh such as surely could only have come from deep down in a human heart.

All this perplexed me very much and made me thoughtful, but before I could fashion my suspicions Flamaucœur mastered his feelings, and came slowly to the little table, and, saying in a shy, humble voice, wondrously altered, "I will write to thy maid!" drew off his steel gauntlet and took up the pen. That smooth fine hand of his trembled a little as he spread the paper on the table, and then we began.

OUR CAMP BY THE SOMME.

August 24, 1376.

To the Excellent Lady Isobel of Oswaldston this brings greeting and salutation.

Madam,—May it please you to accept the homage of the humblest soldier who serves with King Edward?

"That," said Flamaucœur, stopping for a moment to sharpen his pen, "is not a very amorous beginning."

"No," I answered, "and I have a mind first only to tell her how we fare. You see, good youth, our parting was such she weeps in solitude, I expect, hoping nothing from me, and therefore I would wish to break my amendment to her gently. Faith! she may be dying of love for aught I know, and the shock of a frank avowal of my new-awakened passion might turn her head."

"Why yes, Sir Knight," quoth my comrade, taking a fresh dip of ink, "or, on the other hand, she may now be footing it to some gay measure on those polished floors we wot of, or playing hide-and-seek among the tapestries with certain merry gallants!"

"Jove! If I thought so!"

"Well, never mind. Get on with thy missive, and I will not interrupt again."

After leaving your father's castle, Madam, I fell in about nightfall with that excellent youth, Flamaucœur, according to your ladyship's supposition. We crossed the narrow sea; and since, have scarcely had time to dine or sleep, or wipe down our weary chargers, or once to scour our red and rusty armour. We joined King Edward, Madam, just as his Highness unfurled the lions and fleur-de-lis upon the green slopes of the Seine, and thence, right up to the walls of Paris, we scoured the country. We turned then, Queen of Tournaments, northward, toward Flanders.

At this Flamaucœur lay down his pen for a moment, and, heaving a sigh, exclaimed, "That 'Queen of Tournaments' does not come well from thee, Sir Knight! 'Thou slighted this very girl once in the lists when the prize was on thy spear-point.'"

"Par Dieu! and so I did. I had clean forgotten it! But how, in Heaven's name, came you to know of that, who were not there?"

"Some one told me of it," replied the boy, looking away from me, as though he were lying.

"Well, cross it out!"

"Not I! The maid already knows, no doubt, the fickleness of men, and this will surprise her no more than to see a weathercock go round when the wind doth change. Proceed!"

Heavy laden with booty, we turned towards Flanders. We gained two days ago the swelling banks of the Somme, and down this sluggish stream, taking what we listed as we went with the red license of our revengeful errand, we have struggled until here, fair lady. But each hour of this adventurous march has seen us closer and more closely beset. The broad stream runs to north of us, the burgher levies of Amiens are mustering thick upon our right and behind, Gods! so close, that now as this is penned the black canopy of the night is all ruddy where his countless watchfires glimmer on the southern sky; behind us comes the pale respondent in this bloody suit that we are trying—Philip, who says that France is his by Salic law, and no rod of it, no foot or inch on this side of the salt sea, ever can or shall be Edward's. And for jurors, Madam, to the assize that will be held so shortly he has gathered from every corner of his vassal realm an hundred thousand footmen and twenty thousand horse; a score of perjured Princes make his false quarrel doubly false by bearing witness to it, and here, to-morrow at the farthest, we do think, they will arraign us, and put this matter to the sharp adjustment of the sword. Against that great host that threatens us we are but a handful, four thousand men at arms all native to the English shires, ten thousand archers, as many light-armed Welshmen, and four thousand wild Irish.

"There!" I said with pride, as Flamaucœur's busy pen came to a stop—"there! she will know now how it goes with King Edward's gallant English."

"Why, yes, no doubt she may," responded my friend; "but maids are more apt to be interested in the particular than in the general. You have addressed her so far like the presiding captain of a warlike council. Is there nothing more to come?"

"Gads! that's true enough! I have left out all the love!"

"Yet that is what her hungry eyes will look for when her fingers untie this silk."

"Why, then, take up your pen again and write thus:—"

And, Madam, to-morrow's battle, if it comes, will be no light affair. He who sends this to thee may, ere it reaches thy hand, be numbered among the things that are past. Therefore he would also that all negligence of his were purged by such atonement as he can make, and all crudeness likewise amended. And in particular he offers to thee, whose virtues and condescension late reflection have brought lively to his mind, his most dutiful and appreciative homage. You, who have so good a knowledge of his poor taste, will pardon his ineloquence, but he would say to thee, in fact, that thy gentleness and worth were never so conscious to him as here to-night, when the red gleam of coming battle plays along the evening sky, and, if he wears no token in his helmet in to-morrow's fray, 'tis because he has none of thine.

"There, boy! 'tis not what I meant to say—and very halting, yet she will guess its meaning. Dost thou not think so?"

"Guess its meaning! Oh, dear comrade, she will live again and feed upon it—wake and sleep upon it, and wear it next her heart, just as I should were I she and you were you."

"But it is so beggarly and poor expressed," I said, with pleased humility.

"She will not think so," cried Flamaucœur. "If I know aught of maids, she will think it the most blessed vellum that ever was engrossed, she will like its style better than the wretched culprit likes the style of the reprieve the steaming horseman flaunts before him. She'll con each line and letter, and puncture them with tears and kisses—thou hast had small ken of maids, I think, sweet soldier!"

"Well! well! It may be so. Do up the letter, since it will read so well, and put it in the way to be taken by the first messenger who sails for England. Then we will ride round the posts and see how near the Frenchman's watchfires be. And so to sleep, good friend, and may the many-named Powers which sit on high wake us to a happy to-morrow!"

(To be continued.)

RAMBLING SKETCHES: DINANT, BRITTANY.

The seaport of St. Malo, opposite Jersey, is at the mouth of the river Rance, up which river, passing St. Servan and the old castle of Solidor, St. Salia, St. Hubert, and other villages prettily situated, with picturesque rocky cliffs, in some places, on both sides of the rapid stream, it is a pleasant three-hours trip to Dinant. Our Artist, M. Mars, enjoyed it on board the steam-boat La Bretagne, taking the opportunity, as will be seen, to sketch portraits of the steersman and of the obliging waitress carrying a little tray of glasses. Dinant is an interesting little town, built on the steep side of a high granite hill overlooking the river, with an old Cathedral; a war-battered castle, in defence of which Du Guesclin fought against John of Gaunt in 1389, and which was the stronghold of the Duchess Anne of Brittany; portions of the old town wall and watch-towers; and many houses of antique aspect, especially in the Rue du Jerzuel, the Carrefour de l'Horloge, with its lofty clock-tower of granite; the Rue de la Croix, with Du Guesclin's mansion; and the Rue de la Vieille Poissonnerie. Many English visitors choose Dinant for a summer residence. The public gardens and shady walks are delightful, and the costumes of the Breton women are still picturesque. There are various inviting excursions into the beautiful country around this town.

SOUNDS IN THE SUN.

According to the *New York Herald*, Mr. Edison is prosecuting an experiment designed to catch and record the sounds made in the sun's photosphere when solar spots are formed by eruption beneath its surface. Commenting on this gigantic experiment, the *Herald* says: "At Ogden, New Jersey, there is a mass of iron ore a mile long standing perpendicular and extending into the bowels of the earth to great but unknown depths, said to contain several hundred million tons of magnetic material. As the violent storms and uprushes in the sun produce disturbances of the earth's magnetism which are recorded on the magnetometers at the Kew and other observatories, it has occurred to Mr. Edison that the strength of the solar disturbance, as exerted on our planet, could be increased enormously by utilising a vein of magnetic iron ore, and running around the body of ore several miles of wire, forming an inductive circuit into which powerful electric currents would be thrown by any disturbance on the earth's magnetism." "By the use of instruments every change," he says, "could be recorded, and by the use of the telephone all sounds produced on the sun would be heard on our planet." He is, accordingly, erecting telegraph poles on each side of the Ogden ore hill and parallel with it, on which he is coiling an insulated wire many times around the whole area where the earth's magnetic lines leave the iron mountain and extend into space. The two ends of the long wire will be taken into his observation station and connected with the receiving telephone. It is believed that these experiments will materially aid in determining variations of solar heat seriously affecting the earth's meteorology.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey on Sunday mornings in October are: On the 5th, Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton, Minor Canon; on the 12th, Rev. Gordon Calthrop, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury; on the 19th, Rev. H. B. Colchester, Curate of Holy Trinity Church, Paddington; on the 26th, Rev. S. Flood Jones, Precentor. The Sub-Dean (Canon Prothero), as Canon in residence, takes the services in the afternoons at three o'clock.

The harvest home of the Philanthropic Society's Farm School at Redhill was recently celebrated. The society, which was founded in 1788, devotes itself entirely to the reclamation of young criminals, who are educated and taught trades or farm work. The farm consists of about 320 acres, and the number of boys under training is 300, dwelling in five separate houses, these being at considerable distances from each other. As the Home Secretary will not sanction the maintenance of a larger number than 300 boys, the society selects the worst lads for reclamation. After having left the institution they are kept in sight, and the records show that out of this unpromising material the proportion really reclaimed has actually risen of late years to 94 per cent. Besides a religious service, there were games, music by the boys' band, and a distribution of prizes. The warden, the Rev. M. G. Vine, gave a very favourable report of the institution for the past year.



1. The Rue de l'Horloge, Sunday morning.

2. A Breton fishing-boat. 3. Waitress on board steam-boat.

4. Young girl going to market.

5. Steersman of river steam-boat.

6. Old woman in the Rue du Jerzuel.

7. Promenade in the Place de la Duchesse Anne.

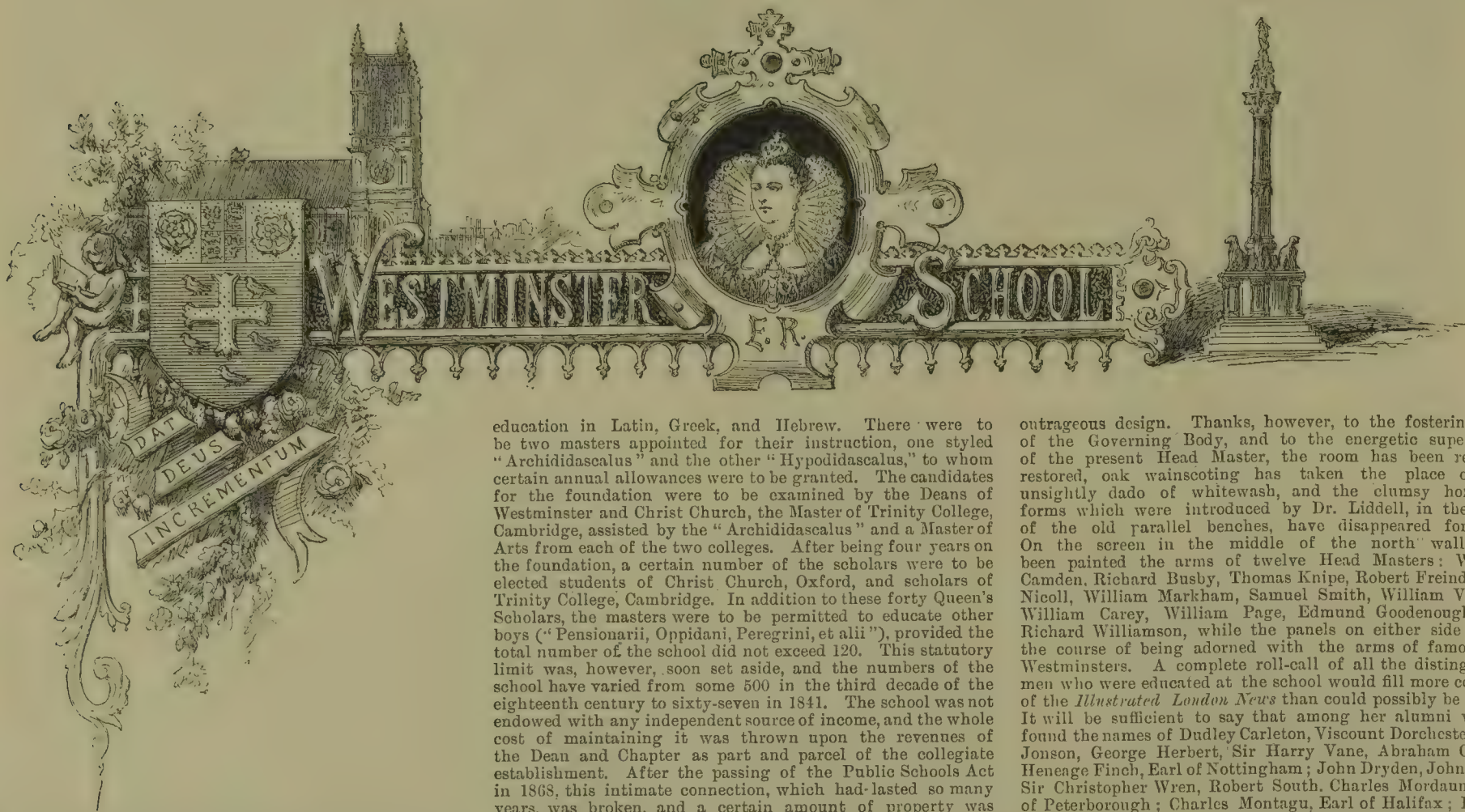
THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. III. WESTMINSTER.



GREAT DEAN'S YARD.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

NO. III.



THE first outward and visible sign of Westminster School is the handsome memorial column in the Sanctuary. It was erected from the designs of the late Sir Gilbert Scott in memory of those old Westminsters who died in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, "some," as the inscription testifies, "in early youth, some full of years and honours, but who all alike gave their lives for their country." It is a tradition in the school that the Duke of York used always to say, "If you want to send a boy to rough it in the Army, send him to Westminster School," and that the Duke of Wellington was in the habit of declaring that the Westminster officers of his Peninsular Staff were the best officers that he had. However that may be, the school has undoubtedly turned out many distinguished soldiers and sailors, of whom she may justly be proud.

Passing through the gateway, opposite the memorial, we find ourselves in Great Dean's-yard. Facing us is "Green," where in the autumn and winter the boys play football whenever the time at their disposal is too short to allow them to go "up Fields." And here, years ago, before the iron railings were put up, continual battles were waged between the boys and the passengers through the yard, it being considered a point of honour among the boys to fight anybody who would not get out of "Green" when told to do so. In the pre-Reformation days Great Dean's-yard formed the chief court of the Monastery, and was then known as the "Elms." Across it stood the Granary, which was subsequently converted into the Queen's Scholars' Dormitory. Near it stood the Ox-stall, or stable for the cattle, and hard by was the Barn, adjoining the Mill-dam, while at right angles to the Granary were the Bakehouse and Brewhouse. During Dr. Markham's Head Mastership the remains of the old monastic buildings were destroyed, and the houses on the terrace commenced. It was not, however, until the second decade of this century, when the old houses "on the east side of the house appropriated to the Precentor" were pulled down by the order of the Chapter, that the yard assumed its present appearance.

The main entrance to the great block of school buildings in Little Dean's-yard is through the groined archway adjoining the Head Master's house (19, Great Dean's-yard), formerly the lodgings of the Abbey Cellarer. This archway is held in deep veneration by all old Westminsters as the scene in their days of the annual Queen's Scholar and Townboy "Greaze," which always took place after the ceremony of chairing the captain of the "Min Cans" had been duly solemnised. On the right of Little Dean's-yard are two boarding-houses and the house of the Master of the Queen's Scholars; on the left is Ashburnham House; immediately opposite stands the doorway, designed by Inigo Jones as an approach to the Great Schoolroom, covered with the names of old boys cut deeply in the stone, while a little to the right of it is the blank wall of the Dormitory.

Though Westminster School, as a Royal foundation, cannot point to an origin so remote as either Winchester or Eton, there can be little doubt that a Grammar School was attached from time immemorial to the Monastery of St. Peter. Moreover, there is said to be evidence that a salary was paid to the master of the scholars *pro eruditione puerorum grammaticorum* from the latter part of the reign of Edward III. down to 1540. Upon the dissolution of the Abbey and Monastery of St. Peter, a school was founded in connection with the new Cathedral establishment by Henry VIII. When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne she established a collegiate church, in the place of her father's cathedral and her sister's convent. During Mary's reign the school had languished, having been deprived of many of the revenues intended for its maintenance. Elizabeth, therefore, once more founded the school, and caused the statutes to be drawn up by which it has, to a great extent, been regulated ever since. Under these statutes, which were drawn up by William Bill, Dean of Westminster and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, the forty scholars placed on the foundation, called Queen's Scholars, were to receive a free

education in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. There were to be two masters appointed for their instruction, one styled "Archididascalus" and the other "Hypodidascalus," to whom certain annual allowances were to be granted. The candidates for the foundation were to be examined by the Deans of Westminster and Christ Church, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, assisted by the "Archididascalus" and a Master of Arts from each of the two colleges. After being four years on the foundation, a certain number of the scholars were to be elected students of Christ Church, Oxford, and scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge. In addition to these forty Queen's Scholars, the masters were to be permitted to educate other boys ("Pensionarii, Oppidani, Peregrini, et alii"), provided the total number of the school did not exceed 120. This statutory limit was, however, soon set aside, and the numbers of the school have varied from some 500 in the third decade of the eighteenth century to sixty-seven in 1841. The school was not endowed with any independent source of income, and the whole cost of maintaining it was thrown upon the revenues of the Dean and Chapter as part and parcel of the collegiate establishment. After the passing of the Public Schools Act in 1868, this intimate connection, which had lasted so many years, was broken, and a certain amount of property was transferred to the newly appointed Governing Body, in order that the school might no longer be dependent upon the bounty of the Abbey authorities.

The Great Schoolroom, formerly part of the ancient dormitory of the Benedictines, with its fine old chestnut roof of the thirteenth century, is a magnificent room. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the existing school-house was found

outrageous design. Thanks, however, to the fostering care of the Governing Body, and to the energetic supervision of the present Head Master, the room has been recently restored, oak wainscoting has taken the place of the unsightly dado of whitewash, and the clumsy horseshoe forms which were introduced by Dr. Liddell, in the place of the old parallel benches, have disappeared for ever. On the screen in the middle of the north wall have been painted the arms of twelve Head Masters: William Camden, Richard Busby, Thomas Knipe, Robert Freind, John Nicoll, William Markham, Samuel Smith, William Vincent, William Carey, William Page, Edmund Goodenough, and Richard Williamson, while the panels on either side are in the course of being adorned with the arms of famous old Westminsters. A complete roll-call of all the distinguished men who were educated at the school would fill more columns of the *Illustrated London News* than could possibly be spared. It will be sufficient to say that among her alumni will be found the names of Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester; Ben Jonson, George Herbert, Sir Harry Vane, Abraham Cowley, Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham; John Dryden, John Locke, Sir Christopher Wren, Robert South, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough; Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax; Francis Atterbury, Matthew Prior, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath; John Carteret, Earl Granville; William Murray, Earl of Mansfield; Richard Earl Howe, Charles Churchill, William Cowper, Warren Hastings, Edward Gibbon, Jeremy Bentham, Henry William Paget, Marquis of Anglesey; John Byng, Earl of Strafford; Stapleton Cotton, Viscount Combermere; Robert Southey, Henry Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne;

James Henry Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Raglan; and John, Earl Russell. The upper portions of the walls are still covered with the names of old boys, none of which are, however, of any great antiquity, owing to the fact that the old names were frequently painted out to make room for others. A few of the old benches have been preserved, and on one of them is the name of "John Dryden," possibly cut by the poet himself. But the familiar names, executed in nails, which used to stud the old floor, and upon which boys were, by way

of a mild punishment, condemned to "stand out," are no longer to be seen. Across the room, at the height of some twenty feet, is an iron bar, from which in former times a curtain was hung, dividing the upper and under schools. One day, during Busby's Head Mastership, one of the younger boys happened accidentally to tear this curtain. The offender was in despair, knowing full well the punishment which would follow from Busby's unerring hand, when a generous schoolfellow offered to take the blame upon himself, and suffered for his friend's sake accordingly. After leaving the school the boys lost sight of one another, and took different sides during the Civil War. John Glynne, the real culprit, became a Serjeant-at-Law, and ultimately Chief Justice of the Upper Bench; while William Wake, the scapegoat, became a Colonel in the Royal Army. When sitting on the Commission appointed to try those who had been concerned in Penruddock's unsuccessful rising, Glynne thought that he recognised among the prisoners the face of his old schoolfellow Wake, who had taken his flogging at Westminster. Glynne said nothing at the time, but, on finding that he had not been mistaken, took horse at the conclusion of the trial and rode straight off to London, where he obtained his friend's pardon from Oliver Cromwell as a personal favour. Here, every Shrove Tuesday, the ancient and time-honoured custom of the "Pancake Greaze," the origin of which is lost in antiquity, takes place. The college cook, preceded by one of the Abbey vergers carrying a "holy poker," marches solemnly up the school bearing a very solid pancake upon a frying-pan. Having chosen a convenient spot for the operation, he jerks, or

tries to jerk, the pancake over the iron bar, and thereupon a rush is made for it by the boys, and the "greaze," or struggle, ensues. If the pancake is secured unbroken, the happy and proud possessor marches off to the Deanery, and demands a guinea "as of right accustomed." The cook, if successful in throwing the pancake over the bar, is entitled to two guineas for his part of the performance. In consequence of the repeated failures of the cook, an ancient precedent was unearthed by the boys in 1864, and the unsuccessful cook was "booked." The cook, unprepared for the attack, hurled his only weapon, the frying-pan, into the midst of his enemies, and then judiciously fled before the shower of books. The boys lost a half-holiday, and the Head Master duly commemorated the incident in Greek iambics. The competition for the pancake used to be open to the whole school, but is now limited to a certain number of picked competitors. A similar custom seems formerly to have prevailed at Eton, for in an old manuscript relating to that school, preserved in the British Museum, it is recorded that the Eton cook was in the habit of coming into the school on Shrove Tuesday and "fastening a pancake to a crow," and that the boys had a holiday from eight o'clock in the morning, or what



THE REV. W. G. RUTHERFORD, M.A., HEAD MASTER WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

to be "too low and too little to receive the number of scholars," and accordingly, by an Act of the Chapter dated Dec. 3, 1591, it was "decreed by Mr. Dean and the Prebendaries present that the old Dorter and the Great Room before it shall be converted, the one to a Library, and the other to a School for the Queen's Scholars, to be repaired and furnished for their good uses, upon contribution of such Godly disposed persons as have and will contribute thereunto; and the same School and Library to be, in the next Spring, furnished for the said uses, the money to be received by Mr. Grant." There seems, however, to have been some considerable delay in making the necessary alterations, and the school did not get possession of the room until the end of 1599 or the beginning of 1600. The peculiar apsidal termination to the room, which was known as the "Shell," was removed in 1868, and the old "rod room"—where the juniors formerly used to make the rods, and where M. Dupont, better known among the boys as "Bogey," in politer days taught French—was thrown into the Great Schoolroom. Owing to the many alterations and repairs which it had undergone, the room had suffered much at the hands of successive Clerks of the Works, the window which defaced the southern wall being, as many will remember, of a peculiarly

in Westminster phraseology would be called an "early play." Richard Busby, whose name is inseparably connected with Westminster School, and who taught so many generations of scholars in this room, was born at Sutton, St. Nicholas, in Lincolnshire, on Sept. 22, 1606. The date of his admission to the school is unknown, but he was probably admitted on the foundation in 1620. In 1624 he was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1628. While at the University he appears to have had serious thoughts of going on the stage, owing to the great success with which his impersonation of Crataider had been received when Cartwright's "Royal Slave" was performed at Christ Church before the King and Queen. Changing his mind, however, he took orders, and graduated M.A. in 1631. Seven years later he was provisionally appointed Head Master of Westminster School, in the place of Osbolston, who had been deprived of the office, and had only narrowly escaped being put in a pillory in Dean's-yard before his own door, for calling Laud "Hocus Pocus" and "The Little Vermin." Busby's appointment was confirmed on Dec. 23, 1640. In spite of his loyalty and his Churchmanship, and notwithstanding the efforts which were made to eject him, Busby managed to retain his post through the Civil War and the Commonwealth. On the day of Charles the First's execution, "that black and eternally infamous day of the King's murder," says South, "I myself heard, and am now a witness, that the King was publicly prayed for in this school, but an hour or two at most before his sacred head was cut off." On the restoration of Charles II., Busby's services were rewarded with a stall at Westminster, and the post of treasurer and Canon residentiary of Wells Cathedral. He presided over the destinies of the school for no less than fifty-seven years, and is said to have boasted that at one time sixteen out of the whole bench of Bishops had been educated by him. Though his name has become proverbial for severity, there is no doubt that he gained both the veneration and the love of many of his best pupils. Atterbury describes him as "a man to be revered very highly." Dryden throughout his life retained a deep respect for him. William King refers to him as "the grave Busby, whose memory to me shall be for ever sacred." That stern Puritan but simple-minded man Philip Henry attributed his own conversion to Busby's careful preparation of his scholars for the Holy Communion, and frequently spoke of his old master with the deepest gratitude "for his instruction in the best of all knowledge." Anthony à Wood, in summing up Busby's character, describes him as "a person eminent and exemplary for piety and justice, an encourager of virtuous and forward youth, of great learning and hospitality, and the chief person that educated more youths that were afterwards eminent in the Church and State than any master of his time." Busby died, full of years, on

grant of £1200 "for finishing the Dormitory" was made by Parliament "out of the monies reserved for the building of fifty new churches within the cities of London and Westminster"; and by an Act of the Chapter dated June 12, 1733, it was ordered that "the staircase in the new Dormitory, the Chimney-pieces and Slabs there wanted, and the paving of the Cloister under it, be also carried on and finished by the direction of the Committee." It occupies the western side of College gardens, and, in Mr. Loftie's opinion, is "the most beautiful building of its kind in London." But with this opinion those who have only seen it from Little Dean's-yard are not very likely to agree.

To the College gardens the Queen's Scholars are only allowed access during three days of the year, at "Election" time. It seems a pity that the use of this pleasant open space should be confined to a few privileged people, who probably rarely avail themselves of it. Even if the boys were only admitted on Sundays, it would be a great boon to those who have not got "leave out." Until recent years the accommodation of the Queen's Scholars was decidedly limited. In one long room the forty boys lived by day and slept at night. The windows were continually broken, and never repaired but in the holidays. The beds were far from luxurious, and the rats, according to one Westminster historian, "at one time almost disputed the right of occupation." The same authority also states that "leather braces had to be hung up somewhere out of reach, or there was only a mangled remnant and a buckle or so to be found in the morning. A nobleman . . . awoke one night with a rat hanging to his ear," and a future Archbishop of Canterbury, "missing his surplice just before early prayers, found one small corner of it sticking out of a rat-hole." As no breakfast was provided for them by the Dean and Chapter in those days, the Scholars had to breakfast at one of the boarding-houses. They dined and supped in College Hall, but they were absolutely without anything in the nature of private rooms for study. Day-rooms were at length provided for them in 1846, by closing up the open cloister which ran underneath the whole length of the Dormitory. The Sanatorium was also built in the same year, while in 1860 the Dormitory was made more habitable by dividing it into forty distinct sleeping places or "houses," ranged on each side of a central passage.

Though the Eton, Montem, and the Harrow Shooting Butts are things of the past, the Westminster Play still continues to draw crowded audiences to the old Dormitory every Christmas. The annual performance of a Latin play by the scholars is strictly enjoined by the statutes, which further ordain that a penalty of ten shillings shall be inflicted upon the Head and Under Masters if the performance does not take place. The preference which Westminster has always shown for Terence is due to Alexander Nowell, who, during his Head Mastership, "brought in the reading of Terence for the better learning the pure Roman style." Other plays were, indeed, sometimes performed, for we read that Barton Booth, afterwards the celebrated tragedian, took part in one of Seneca's tragedies when he was a boy at the school, in 1693. Dryden's "Cleomines" was put on the stage in 1697, and Congreve's "Mourning Bride" in 1718. But from the beginning of the seventeenth century until 1859 four plays of Terence—namely, "Andria," "Eunuchus," "Adelphi," and "Phormio"—kept almost exclusive possession of the Westminster stage. In 1860, the tercentenary of the foundation of the school by Queen Elizabeth, the "Trinummus" of Plautus

was substituted for the "Eunuchus," and has kept its place in the cycle of the four plays ever since. The first classical scenes, used in the representation of the Westminster plays, were presented, in 1758, by the Head Master, Dr. Markham, who afterwards became Archbishop of York. They were designed by James Stuart, better known from his book on Athenian antiquities as "Athenian Stuart," and were duly described in the Prologue of that year, written by Robert Lloyd, the friend of Charles Churchill. At the performance of the "Adelphi," in 1808, these scenes were used for the last time, and, by a curious coincidence, the Prologue, which bade farewell to them, was spoken by the son of the captain of the school who had spoken the Prologue which had welcomed the very same scenes just fifty years previously. In the following year they were replaced



ENTRANCE TO LITTLE DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

by a new set, similar to the old, through the liberality of the Head-Master, Dr. Carey. The charming scenes, so familiar to the present race of Westminster playgoers, were designed by Professor Cockerell, and were first used in 1857, the cost of them being defrayed by subscription among the old Westminsters. More or less incongruous costumes were used down to the days of Dr. Williamson, who in 1839 introduced the present classical Greek dresses, and drew up for the edification of the school a learned excursus on the antiquities of Lambert Bos under the title of "Eunuchus Palliatus," as an authority for the accuracy of the details of the new dresses. The Latin Prologue to the play is always spoken by the captain of the school for the time being, dressed in cap and gown, black knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckles and bands. It refers generally to matters of school interest, the honours won by the old boys, and the deaths of the more distinguished old Westminsters. The Epilogue, also in Latin, is written more or less in the comic vein, and is generally a burlesque of some of the public events of the past year. The characters of the play reappear in a modern dialogue, and modern costume, and the fun waxes fast and furious, until the curtain drops on the stage, and the familiar sound of "God Save the Queen" is heard, mingled with shouts of "Cap!" "Cap!" from the old Westminster portion of the audience. The attempts which have been made more than once to suppress the play have hitherto, fortunately, failed. Owing to the care with which the actors are coached by the masters, the play is always efficiently performed by the boys, and few who have been present at any of these performances would wish them to be discontinued. Garrick who saw the "Andria" in 1765, was so delighted with the acting of John Eckersall in the character of Davus that he presented him with a free admission to his theatre. Lord Grenville is said to have declared that he never understood Terence until he saw the plays acted by the Westminster boys. Greville, while recording his attendance at the representation of "Phormio," in 1843, writes: "It was very amusing, much more than I thought possible on reading the play. It is the work of an accomplished playwright, full of good situations, and replete with stage effects." He adds, however: "They ought to leave off the vile custom of enacting the prologue and epilogue. We had to listen to ninety-six lines of the latter repeated twice over when the audience was tired, and, however well entertained, impatient to disperse." It is needless to say that, in these days of enlightened progress, "the vile custom" alluded to is no longer observed. The advantages of the play are so many and so obvious that it seems hardly necessary to point them out. It makes the boys thoroughly acquainted with the best specimens of colloquial Latin which exist. It teaches them to read well and speak well. It encourages a wholesome confidence and readiness in public; while the discipline and training which they have to undergo when learning their parts cannot be over-estimated. Moreover, it forms an unrivalled opportunity for those who have been educated at the school to meet their old friends, and to keep up the *esprit de corps* for which old Westminsters have always been famous.

Ashburnham House stands on the site of the old Refectory, and takes its name from John Ashburnham, the faithful attendant of Charles I. It was purchased by the Crown, in 1730, from John, first Earl of Ashburnham, as a repository for the Royal and Cottonian Libraries. In the following year, on October 23, 1731, a fire broke out, by which many of these valuable manuscripts and books were damaged and destroyed. Those which were rescued from the flames were subsequently deposited in the old Dormitory, where they remained until the purchase of Montague House, when they were removed to their final resting-place in the British Museum. In 1739 Ashburnham House reverted to the Chapter, and was divided into two prebendal houses, the larger of which was for many years occupied by Henry Hart Milman, the historian, while Prebendary of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's, previously to his appointment to the Deanery of St. Paul's. A few years ago it came into the possession of the school under the provisions of the Public Schools Act. It is now the home of the "Scott Library," an institution which, though recently founded, has been greatly appreciated by the boys. The beautiful staircase, the most interesting architectural feature of the house, well deserves the praise which has been showered upon it. "Turle's House," which formerly stood on the eastern side of Ashburnham House, has been pulled down, and a modern building has been erected in its place for the use of the school.

College Hall, which adjoins the famous "Jerusalem Chamber," was built by Abbot Litlington towards the close of the fourteenth century. On the dissolution of the monastery the Abbot's refectory became the hall of the collegiate establishment, and we learn from Dean Stanley that "the Dean and the Prebendaries continued to dine there, at least on certain days, till the middle of the seventeenth century, and then, as they gradually withdrew from it to their own houses, it was left to the scholars." On the north wall, above the high table, are the arms of St. Peter's College, Westminster; Christ Church, Oxford; Trinity College, Cambridge; and of the Dean of Westminster; while from the corbels of the roof are suspended a number of shields, representing the arms of Edward the Confessor, Nicholas Litlington, and other Abbots of Westminster.



ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

April 6, 1695, and was buried in the Abbey under the black-and-white marble pavement of the Sacarium. His monument stands in the South Transept, adjoining that of William Vincent, who was successively scholar, Under Master, Head Master, Prebendary, and Dean of Westminster. He is represented by the sculptor Francis Bird (whose statue of Queen Anne used to front the west end of St. Paul's) in a reclining posture, holding in one hand a pen, and in the other a book. It was before this tomb, as readers of the *Spectator* will remember, that Sir Roger de Coverley exclaimed, "Dr. Busby, a great man!—he whipped my grandfather!—a very great man!—I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a Blockhead—a very great Man!" A bust and portrait of Busby are preserved in the Head Master's house, where there is an interesting series of portraits of the Westminster Head Masters. As Busby is said to have refused to sit for his portrait during his life, all the various likenesses of him are supposed to have had their origin from a plaster cast which was taken after his death.

The old Granary, which had been used as the Dormitory of the Queen's Scholars from the days of Queen Elizabeth, had become quite unfit for such a purpose at the beginning of the eighteenth century. On Atterbury's appointment to the Deanery in 1713, the question of building a new Dormitory in the College Garden was raised. The Prebendaries, whose houses abutted on the garden, managed to frustrate this proposition for several years, and in 1719 obtained an injunction restraining the Dean from erecting any building there. The Dean, however, appealed to the House of Lords, by whose order every member of the Chapter had to give his opinion, "either viva voce or in writing, which place they think the most proper to build a new Dormitory—in either the common garden or where the old Dormitory stands." After a fierce wrangle among the Chapter, it was resolved, by the vote of the Dean, that the new Dormitory should be built in the Garden, and on May 16, 1621, the judgment of the Court of Chancery was reversed. Wren, who had been some years previously consulted about the rebuilding of the Dormitory, had prepared a design, which is still to be seen in the Library of All Souls, Oxford. This was to a great extent borrowed by Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, by whom the first stone of the new building was laid on April 24, 1722, bearing the following inscription:—

POSUIT FELICIBUS (FAXIT DEUS)
AUSPICIS RICARDUS COM. DE BURLINGTON
ARCHITECTUS. 7 KAL. MAII 1722.

Though Sir Edward Hanes had left a legacy for this very object, and both the King and the Prince of Wales had contributed largely to the building fund, the work proceeded very slowly. The King's Scholars are supposed to have taken possession of their new Dormitory before Whitsuntide 1732, though it could not have been completed at that time. In 1733 a



TURLE'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—FROM AN ETCHING.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. III.



WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: LITTLE DEAN'S YARD.

At the south end is a latticed music-gallery, with casements of Queen Elizabeth's time. The floor is paved with black-and-white Turkish marble. In the centre of the hall there used formerly to stand a raised brazier of octagonal shape, with a bar running along the top at the height of six inches, which in winter time was filled with charcoal, and made a splendid fire for toasting. Along the sides of the Hall stand the massive tables, relics, it is said, from the wrecks of the Spanish Armada. Their deep indentations, which used to be pointed as the work of English cannon-balls, are more probably owing to the burning lumps of charcoal thrown about in sport by the boys. Here, every "Election Monday," the Election Dinner takes place, to which the examiners and a number of old Westminsters are invited by the Dean and the Governors of the school. After the toasts of "Church and State," "The Three Royal Colleges," and "Floreat" have been solemnly drunk, epigrams are recited by the Queen's Scholars. This recitation of epigrams, a classical exercise peculiar to Westminster, also takes place once a year "up school," when Maundy money is distributed by the Head Master to the successful competitors. Among the silver drinking-cups produced at the Election Dinner is the handsome Warren Hastings Cup, ornamented with elephants' heads, the proboscis of which form the two handles. It was presented to the school some 120 years ago, by a number of old Westminsters who were serving in India. It bears the following inscription:—

ALUMNIS REGIIS SCHOLÆ WESTMON: IPSI PLERIQUE
ALUMNI D.D.D.

WARREN HASTINGS
ELIJAH IMPEY
GEO. TEMPLER
EDW. HAY
JOH. WOMBWELL
GUL. MARKHAM
JOH. WHITE
CH. BENEZET
PET. TOUCHET
ROB. HOLT
JOH. SCAWEN

JOH. WILLIAMS
ALEX. MACLEOD
R. S. PERREAU
EDW. BENGOUGH
G. C. MEYER
CAR. COOPER
GEO. ARBUTHNOT
F. PIERARD
CAR. MOUATT
GUL. FRANKLIN
GUAL. HAWKES.

A quaintly shaped cup, given by Sir Edward Hanes, the physician of William III., and a small silver mug, the gift of old Westminsters, "in provincia Bengalensi commorantes," also form part of the college heirlooms.

Vincent-square, or "Fields," is situated about half a mile from the school. It formerly formed part of Tothill Fields, a large marshy tract lying between the

Abbey and Millbank. "If a place could exist," wrote Jeremy Bentham, in 1798, "of which it could be said that it was in no neighbourhood, that place would be Tothill Fields." Here Colman drove his pair of donkeys; Lord March kept his covey of tame ducks to practise the "new art of shooting flying," and "Slender Billy" provided the dogs for badger-hunting and bull-baiting. In 1810, owing to the thoughtful care of Dean Vincent, 10 acres of the "Fields" were marked out as a playground for the Westminster boys. It was subsequently enclosed and levelled, and now forms an excellent



DR. BUSBY'S CHAIR.

cricket-ground, possessing a handsome new pavilion, erected in 1889 at the cost of over a thousand pounds. The first Westminster cricket-match of which there is any record was played against Eton on Hounslow Heath in 1796, in defiance of the express prohibition of the authorities of both Schools. In 1799, 1800, and 1801, Westminster met Eton on "Old Lord's" ground, where Dorset-square now stands. Since then, with the exception of a match against Rugby, played in Vincent-square in 1852, Westminster has not played against any public school except Charterhouse. The match against Charterhouse, played at Lord's for the first time in 1867, is now an annual fixture, and is played alternately at Godalming and Vincent-square. Among the cricketers who first learned to play "the noble game" at Westminster were Edward Hussey, "of Ashford Town," C. G. Whittaker, W. G. Armitstead, E. Balfour, E. T. Drake, Walter Fellows, C. G. Lane, H. M. Marshall, R. D. Balfour, H. E. Bull, A. H. Winter, E. Bray, W. E. Roller, and C. J. M. Fox. Football, however, is perhaps the most popular game at Westminster, and the number of excellent players which the school has turned out is legion, a fact to which the brilliant successes of the Old Westminster Football Club bears continual and enduring witness. It is played both in "Green" and "up Fields," but no longer in the Cloisters, where, in days long before "Association rules" were thought of, Addison once complained that his meditations were disturbed by the King's Scholars playing football. Hoops and marbles were also favourite games for the Cloisters; but times have changed, and the mere idea that even



THE WARREN HASTINGS CUP.

the smallest public school boy should have indulged in such infantile and degrading pastimes seems now almost incredible. Though the school, unfortunately, does not possess a covered racket-court, both "woodens" and "wires" are played against the blank walls on the east side of Little Dean's-yard, and two fives-courts have been recently erected at the other end of the yard. The Gymnasium, situated in one of the crypts of the dark cloister, was fitted up during the Head Mastership of Dr. Scott, who used himself to perform there many marvellous feats of agility, as much to the delight of himself as of the boys. Rowing, once the favourite exercise of the Westminster boys, at length



DR. BUSBY, FROM A BUST IN WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

became impossible, owing to the incessant traffic on the river, and the removal of Roberts's boathouse in 1868. An ill-fated attempt to revive "water" in 1872 at Wandsworth, and subsequently at Battersea and Putney, finally collapsed in 1884. In the old days the school turned out a number of well-known oarsmen, whose deeds have been recorded in a little book recently published, entitled "Rowing at Westminster from 1813 to 1883, Extracted from the School Water Ledgers."

The Queen's Scholars still retain their ancient privilege of attending the Parliamentary debates, an advantage to which Sir James Graham bore eloquent testimony, when he declared in one of his most brilliant speeches that his first desire to become an orator was aroused by listening, as a Westminster boy, to the great speeches of Pitt and Fox. The Abbey is still their chapel, and there, on Founders' Day, in a short Latin service, they gratefully commemorate their numerous benefactors. But though the school is well situated both as regards soil and water, though its sanitary record will compare favourably with schools situated in the country, and though vast additions and improvements have been made to the school buildings, the numbers of the boarders do not increase in the same ratio as the numbers of the half and home boarders. In June 1890 there were in the school 228 boys, of whom only ninety-one were boarders—namely, fifty-one town boys and forty Queen's Scholars.

The feeling of parents against sending their sons to a boarding-school in London seems so strong and so general that, if Westminster School remains where it is, it must in course of time become a day school pure and simple. Owing to the strong outcry raised by a large and influential body of old Westminsters in favour of the retention of the school on its present site, the question of removal was shelved in 1860.

The Public School Commissioners in 1864 left the consideration of the question whether the removal of the school was financially and otherwise possible to the new Governing Body. In their report, however, they expressed their opinion that a decided step should be taken in one of two directions—"Either it should remain a boarding-school and should be removed in the country, or it should be retained on its present site and should be converted into a school in which the foundation scholars should be day scholars or day boarders, sleeping at their own homes." The Governing Body, though it came into existence in 1869, has not yet taken a decided step in either direction. But whatever fate may have in store for this old historic school, Westminster men, past, present, and future, should remember the following lines, with which the Epilogue to the "Eunuchus" concluded in 1726:—

What though decayed this outward structure falls
The School stands firm in you her living walls,
These mouldering stones alone your bounty claim,
Not all mankind can change her inward frame.

The Middlesex Hospital has received a donation of £1000 from Mr. W. H. Johnson, of Bermondsey.

Miss Sandow, a young lady who has for five or six years acted as deputy for her father as registrar of births, marriages, and deaths for the Leland district of the Penzance Union, has been elected his successor, out of seven candidates.

General Viscount Wolseley has taken up the command of the troops in Ireland. The full strength of the military forces in the island, according to the latest returns, is 28,000 officers and men, exclusive of the militia.

The Earl of Euston, D.L. and R.W. Prov. Grand Master of the Province of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire, on Sept. 25 opened the new Masonic Hall at Northampton. His Lordship afterwards presided at a banquet, attended by two hundred Masons, members of the ten lodges in the province, and visitors from other parts of England, and from America, Asia, and New Zealand.

Seventeen of the survivors of the crew of the British steam-ship *Portuense*, which was struck by a cyclone when passing Virgin Islands, and foundered almost immediately, have been landed at Plymouth. They and two others who remain in the West Indies were in an open boat at sea for four days, and ultimately reached the island of Tortola. The captain and ten seamen went down with the vessel.

At the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, held at St. Andrews, 150 gentlemen competed for King William the Fourth's medal and the club's gold medal. All the golf "cracks" were on the green, but owing to the stormy weather the average scores were not so good as on previous occasions. The winner of the former medal was Mr. Horace Hutchinson; the club's gold medal was won by Mr. A. N. Steward.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have given authority to the Mansion House Committee for the erection of a bronze equestrian statue of the late Lord Napier of Magdala in the centre of the roadway in Waterloo-place, between the United Service and the Athenæum Clubs. The First Commissioner of Works, after consultation with the Treasury, has consented to accept charge of the memorial and maintain it as a public statue on its completion. The statue is being executed by Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., and will be finished before the end of the year.

MUSIC.

THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE FESTIVAL.

This celebration, to which attention has been previously drawn, must be further referred to hereafter, the one important novelty of the occasion having occurred too late for present comment. It may now be briefly stated that the arrangements were on a more extended scale than at the previous festival (in 1888), which was a tentative experiment, the success of which fully justified the celebration that has just been held, and which, it is to be hoped, will prove to have been the establishment of regular triennial festivals at Hanley, the profits being, as on the two occasions that have already occurred, applied in aid of the funds of local hospitals—a purpose that is the object of nearly all our provincial festivals. That just held at Hanley included the engagement of a full orchestra (led by Mr. Willy Hess), a numerous band of choristers and eminent solo vocalists, the conductor having been Dr. Swinnerton Heap, whose new cantata, "Fair Rosamond" (composed for this festival), was the special feature of the concerts given in the Victoria Hall. Of this, and of other proceedings, we must speak later.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre are at the end of their season. The last night is announced for Oct. 4—the theatre being required in preparation for the series of performances of Italian opera to be given under the management of Signor Lago. Recent announcements of the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts have included repetitions of the programme of "humorous, quaint, and popular music," more of Mr. Sims Reeves's farewell appearances, and a military concert in celebration of the battle of the Alma (with, of course, Jullien's British Army Quadrilles). A recent "Wednesday" night concert was not entitled "classical," as usual on that night of the week. The concert now referred to was, however, quite of average interest, having included, among other features, Haydn's bright and genial "Clock" symphony and Mendelssohn's second pianoforte concerto, in which Miss K. L. Isaacson displayed considerable ability as pianist. Vocal music was effectively contributed by Miss Marriott, Mr. H. Kearton, and Mr. P. Greene; and Mr. J. Radcliff played a flute solo with brilliant execution.

The prospectus of Signor Lago's forthcoming season of Italian Opera performances at Covent-Garden Theatre is about to be issued. The series will begin on October 18, the performances occupying a period of about six weeks. Some important engagements have been made by Signor Lago, among them being that of M. Maurel, the eminent baritone; several newcomers, of Continental reputation, being promised. Although the season will be brief, there will be much variety in the performances, which will be conducted by Signor Ardit and Signor Bevilacqua. For more specific information we must await the receipt of the official prospectus.

A unanimous requisition has been presented to Alderman John Mark, Mayor of Manchester, asking him to accept the office of Chief Magistrate for another term.

Sept. 25 being the thirty-third anniversary of the heroic entry of the force under Generals Havelock and Outram into Lucknow to the relief of the beleaguered garrison, a number of officers dined together, to commemorate the event, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. General Sir William Olpherts, V.C., K.C.B., presided.

Dr. Freshfield, Vice-President of the British Archaeological Society, has presented to the borough of Winchelsea the old Townhall, which passed out of the possession of the inhabitants many years ago. It is now proposed to utilise the building for public purposes. At a meeting of the Mayor, jurats, and freemen, Dr. Freshfield's gift was gratefully accepted, and it was decided to present him with the freedom of the borough.

Mr. Andrew J. S. Johnstone of Halleaths has given a new clock for the Lockerbie Townhall, and its manufacture has been entrusted to Mr. J. W. Benson, clockmaker to the Queen, Ludgate-hill, London, who has made a clock specially suited to the tower, showing the time upon four illuminated dials, five feet in diameter, containing all the latest improvements, and striking the hours upon a 10-cwt. bell.

At a meeting of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce a deputation attended from the promoters of the Birmingham and Liverpool Ship Canal. The scheme was explained, and it was stated that in the valley of the Trent, near the Potteries, through which the canal would pass, they had a downfall of seventy times as much water as was required for the whole canal. A registered company had been formed, with a capital of £30,000. A resolution was passed approving of the scheme and recommending it to public support.

Mr. William Farmer and Mr. Augustus Harris, the newly elected Sheriffs of the City of London, were sworn in on Sept. 27 with more than the customary ceremonial. A large company was subsequently entertained at a banquet in Haberdashers' Hall.—On the previous day Mr. Harris was presented with the official chain and badge of the Shrievalty as a mark of the esteem entertained for him by his Masonic, dramatic, and other friends; and Mr. Farmer was recently the recipient of a badge and chain subscribed for by a number of his supporters and friends.

The marriage of Sir E. Vincent, K.C.M.G., Director-General of the Ottoman Bank, Constantinople, with Lady Helen Venetia Duncombe, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Feversham, was solemnised on Sept. 24, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Many relatives and friends were present. The bride arrived leaning on the arm of her father, who subsequently gave her away. The bridesmaids were Lady Ulrica Duncombe (the bride's sister), Lady Katherine Thynne (daughter of the Marquis of Bath), Hon. Mabel Duncombe (daughter of the late Viscount Helmsley and niece of the bride), Hon. Aline Grimston (daughter of Viscount Grimston), and Miss Vera Howard Vincent (daughter of Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., and niece of the bridegroom). The bridegroom's brother, Mr. Frederic Vincent, was best man. The bride wore a Venetian dress of white satin tied at the waist with a silver girdle, and slightly opened at the throat with a ruff of fine point-lace; the long Court train was enriched with a design of large lilies, the faint green leaves and yellow stamens wrought in delicate needlework, and was fastened at the shoulders with silver cords. Her veil was of point lace, her ornaments a diamond necklace and diamond star, and she carried in the place of the conventional bouquet a sheaf of tall lilies loosely tied with a spray of dark foliage. The bridesmaids were attired alike in cream bengaline, with lettuce-green velvet yokes and point lace fichus and epaulettes, green-velvet waist ribbons to match the yokes, and large green felt hats with white ostrich plumes, and each carried a silvered basket filled with white lilies, begonia leaves, and maidenhair fern, and wore a large pink topaz and diamond brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Among the many presents were a gold smelling-bottle from the Prince of Wales, a ruby and diamond sword for the hair from the Princess of Wales, and a superb diamond and emerald bracelet from the Grand Vizier of Turkey.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. III. WESTMINSTER.

THE GREAT SCHOOL-ROOM, BEFORE THE REMOVAL OF THE "SHELL."





THE NILE BARRAGE, RECENTLY COMPLETED BY THE EGYPTIAN PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT UNDER SIR COLIN SCOTT MONCRIEFF.



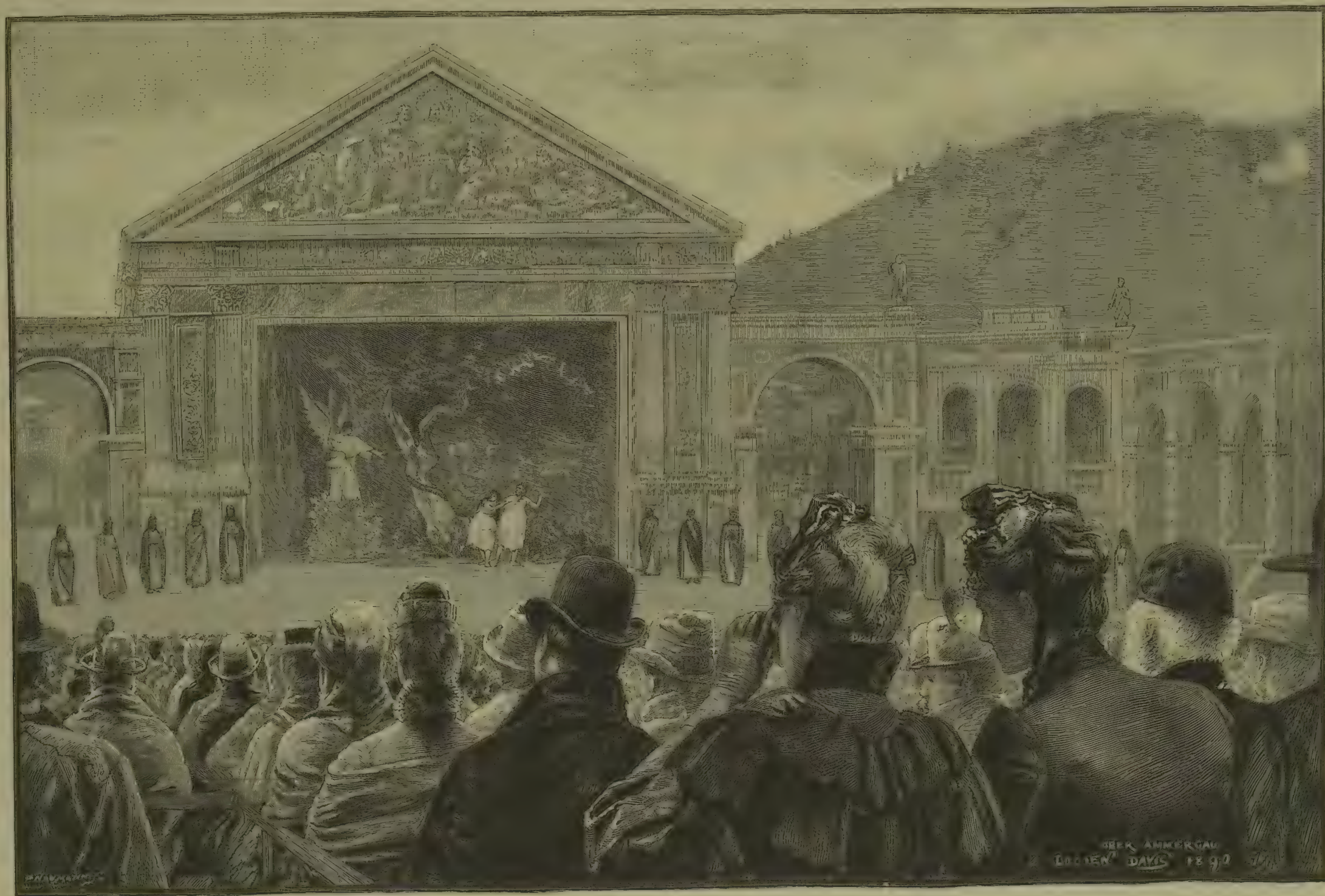
THE CARRIAGE ROAD TO OBER-AMMERGAU.

OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

The series of performances of this religious drama by a company of village folk in the Bavarian Highlands has ended for this year. Local custom prescribes its repetition every ten years, in solemn commemoration of the pestilence of 1633, or, rather, of the cessation of that plague; and since 1870 each decennial festival has attracted large numbers of visitors, throughout the summer, from different parts of Europe, as well Protestant as Catholic. As people can never be universally agreed on questions of taste and sentiment, there are some who doubt the propriety of using the scenes and actions of the New Testament history, especially the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ, as materials of theatrical representation. The performance, which has this year been rendered more artistic as a theatrical spectacle by scenery and costumes sent from Munich at some cost, and by the erection of a proper theatre, is much admired by æsthetic critics, and was sufficiently described by our Special Correspondent at the commencement of the season. We have also given illustrations of several of the most effective scenes, and Portraits of the chief actors, dressed in character as "the Christus," the Apostles Peter and John, and the betrayer Judas; Caiaphas and Annas, the High Priests; the Roman Governor Pilate, and the tetrarch of Galilee, Herod; the just Nathaniel, Mary the mother of Jesus, and Mary Magdalene. Our concluding illustrations are a View of the interior of the theatre, the audience leaving it, and the carriage-road up the hill from the railway station.



LEAVING THE THEATRE.



THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU: INSIDE THE THEATRE.

THE NILE BARRAGE.

A great engineering work, one of the most useful results of the employment of English skill and energy in the administration of Egypt under the Khedive's Government, has been successfully completed this year. Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, the Under-Secretary of State for Public Works, has recently drawn up an account of the works that have been in progress since 1886 to put the Nile barrage into a thoroughly sound condition.

The Nile barrage consists of two great dams or weirs placed across the river, some thirty miles below Cairo, at the point where it divides into two branches, one flowing out into the sea at Rosetta, and the other at Damietta. Each weir is a long bridge, the arches of which can be closed when required, so as to hold the water up, and at the sides are locks for the passage of boats. During low Nile the arches are closed, and the water above the barrage is raised and diverted into three main canals, which irrigate the whole of Lower Egypt. When the river is in flood, the arches are opened, and every obstruction to the flow of the stream is removed.

The barrage was begun in the year 1843, under the direction of Monge Bey, a French engineer: it was finished in 1861. The Rosetta barrage consisted of sixty-one arches, and its total length was 465 metres; the Damietta barrage, with a length of 535 metres, was constructed with seventy-one arches. The total cost of the work amounted to £1,800,000, which does not take into account the forced labour employed on its construction. The Rosetta barrage was fitted with gates, and was tried for the first time in 1863. Cracks soon appeared, and a serious subsidence occurred in 1867, after which date any attempt to make use of it was abandoned. During this period the maximum height of water held up was 5 ft. 9 in., and only for a short time. On the Damietta side the arches were never supplied with gates.

At the period of Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff's arrival in Egypt, in 1883, the barrage, which even when new had not been considered strong enough to do the work required of it, had been absolutely neglected for fifteen years: the timbers were rotten, and the iron rusted. There were no officials competent to superintend its working. During the two following years, 1884 and 1885, the most unsound portions were patched up, at a cost of about £44,000, and, in the season of low Nile, an attempt was made to hold up the water by means of it. In the first year the level was raised by 7 ft. 2 in., and in the second year by 9 ft. 10 in. This enabled the canals to be flushed, and caused a very considerable increase of irrigation in Lower Egypt.

It was, however, impossible to continue for an indefinite period a system which was only made to succeed by the incessant watchfulness of the superintending engineers. At any moment an accident might have stopped irrigation at the most critical season of the year, and the whole cotton crop, upon which the prosperity of Egypt is largely dependent, might have been destroyed. When, therefore, the Great Powers in 1885 gave their consent to a million being spent upon irrigation works, the first work undertaken was putting the barrage in a sound state.

The ground upon which the foundations of the barrage are laid consists of alternate beds of fine river sand and alluvial mud. During low Nile, when the arches are closed, there is a difference of level in the water on either side, amounting in June 1885 to nearly 10 ft. Hence the water has a constant tendency to percolate under the foundations and establish a uniform level. In doing this it carries along with it particles of the mud and sand on which the barrage rests, and by degrees undermines the whole structure. The problem was, then, to build across the river a foundation either sufficiently deep or sufficiently broad to stop the water from passing underneath, or to compel what little did pass to travel so far either vertically or horizontally that its velocity would be checked. In this way not only would the water be unable to wash away the sand and mud, but it would even deposit the particles of sand and mud which it brought along with it, and thus the substratum would every year become more and more impermeable. After careful consideration, it was decided to spread the foundations out horizontally, so as to form a broad water-tight platform, rather than to sink a deep wall of concrete in the river bed. Besides adding to the width of the foundations, it was necessary to give additional solidity to the whole work. For this purpose a solid bed of Portland cement concrete, 4 ft. thick, was spread over the whole flooring, and covered under the arches, and down stream, where the action was severest, with a heavy pavement of dressed Trieste stone, and up stream with rubble limestone masonry. A line of sheet piling, 16 ft. deep, was carried across the whole river 85 ft. above the bridge.

The preliminary stages of the work were begun on March 24, 1886. An earthen cofferdam was built out into the river enclosing the twenty arches at the western end of the Rosetta barrage, which were the arches most seriously cracked. The water within this dam was pumped out, and it was then possible to examine and repair the old foundation. The work done in this first short season was more or less of an experimental character, and there was only time partially to repair six bad floorings. Work began in earnest in 1887, when it was resolved to complete the western half of the Rosetta barrage. One of the chief difficulties that had to be encountered was that the working season was necessarily a very short one. On account of the state of the river flood a beginning could never be made before the end of November. The portion of the barrage which was to be operated upon was first enclosed by great earthen banks forming a cofferdam all round. They had to be made in deep water, and this part of the work always took more than two months. Then the water inside had to be pumped out, and it was considered fortunate if the actual work on the foundations could be begun by the first days of March. It then continued without intermission day and night until the end of June, when the Nile began to rise again. There was not time in each season to repair more than the half of either barrage. The work was, therefore, spread over four years.

A further difficulty was that all the time the barrage was being mended it was necessary to use it to hold the water up. From the pressure of the water outside springs were constantly breaking out in the floor of the portion from which the water had been excluded, and on one occasion in the last season of all there was a serious risk of the work being interrupted for the rest of the summer owing to a disaster of this kind. Other difficulties were constantly presenting themselves, especially in the earlier stages of the work. Almost every day some new trouble had to be faced, some new expedient invented.

By the middle of June of the present year the great work was practically completed. A few further operations had still to be done, but the barrage below the water-line was finished. The outlay up to date has been £405,000, and what still remains to be done may bring this amount up to £420,000 as the cost of restoring the barrage. It is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the benefits which have accrued, and will, now that the work is finished, accrue to a still greater extent to the country from the Nile barrage.

NEW BOOKS.

Sporting Sketches. By Diane Chasseresse. (Macmillan and Co.)—A lady, apparently of good family and social position, whose artless and unaffected style is an indication of well-bred secure refinement, cherishes among the recollections of her youth, largely spent in the Scottish Highlands, an early initiation, with parental encouragement, into the masculine pursuits of fishing and shooting, which she followed with more enthusiastic ardour, sometimes with better success, than most of the English gentlemen taking to the moors and salmon-rivers at a later period of life. We do not wish, as a matter of taste, to see the rod and the gun, fowling-piece or rifle, in the hands of every lady; killing wild creatures is hardly the best pastime for womanhood; but this "Diane Chasseresse," who writes primarily for the amusement of her daughters, must have been a pleasant, amiable girl, as well as a brave one, and her experiences, which are likely to remain exceptional among her own sex, merit social toleration. It is admirable that a young woman, of any rank, should equal boys and young men in physical courage, in activity and hardihood, walking, climbing, and not minding a fall, a storm of rain, or a ducking in the stream; that she should love horses and dogs, know the haunts and habits of every beast, bird, and fish, and find her way fearlessly over the hills around her Highland home. So far, she is a happy example; and we are not prepared to say that angling is an unfeminine sport; we remember that Queen Elizabeth and the ladies of her Court occasionally used the bow, or the cross-bow, among the deer in English parks, and that Shakespeare makes a "praiseful Princess," with some tender compunction, "seek to spill the poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill." Yet this is not precisely the most appropriate and suitable accomplishment of the modern lady; and the authoress herself, when she had shot a seal on the rock, thought it horrid to see the seal red with blood, nor was she pleased by wounding birds that got away "made sore by shooting." Her favourite weapon was "a sweet little rifle," of .380 bore, called "Little Death," which proved fatal to stag, hind, roebuck, doe, and small game—including grouse, blackcock, woodcock, partridge, pigeon, and wild duck. Her shooting position was to sit on the ground, with knees up, resting the left elbow on the knee, her back supported, perhaps, by the back of the keeper or gillie, who sat behind her. Once, when she had a heavy double-barrelled rifle, she inadvertently fired off both barrels at once, and the recoil knocked her down. In salmon-fishing, as she was never afraid to jump into the water and run after her prey, we understand she was tolerably expert; she once played and took two fish of 28 lb. each within an hour. But there are many sporting anecdotes told by gentlemen, which can be read with equal relish. More congenial, to our mind, are those of her simple adventures in scrambling up the walls of a ruined tower, with another girl, to the astonishment of passing tourists; or in floating down the river on a frail kind of boat, made of an inflated waterproof cloak, in which she lay flat; and the troublesome keeping of a live otter in her bed-room bath at home; this was after she married, and she actually brought the animal, with her husband's consent, to their house in London.

Aubrey De Vere's Poems: A Selection. Edited by John Dennis. (Cassell and Co.)—The dignity of literature is agreeably consulted when a just and scholarly critic, so trustworthy as Mr. Dennis, undertakes the office of selecting and arranging chosen portions of the works of a contemporary poet who has, like Mr. Aubrey De Vere, not hitherto become so widely known as his genius deserves. Some, indeed, of those who have only heard of him as an author of verse may still confound him with the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, his father, whose "Julian the Apostate" and "Mary Tudor" were produced many years ago. It is not creditable to the literary taste of this generation that either of them should be neglected; and we trust that the publication of this little volume will bring more fairly into public notice the merits of a living writer perfectly skilled in his delightful art, whose conceptions are of high intellectual value, pure and noble in sentiment, and independent of the passing caprices of fashion. This very independence, however, not being allied with eccentricity of style or violent extravagance of any kind, which might catch the attention of some readers, has probably hindered Mr. De Vere's poems from gaining much popularity; but we should not, in any case, have expected great acceptance for those which treat of ancient Irish legendary history, or of the mediæval Catholic Church. Mr. Dennis has judiciously refrained from including any considerable amount of such themes in his collection; and we could have spared the barbaric meditation of an aged Bard in the thirteenth century—surely, too late a date—also, "The Battle of Clontarf," and "The Combat at the Ford," with the Firbolg and the Gae-bulg, and all that. The fine story of Caedmon's inspired song of the Creation, and the pathetic account of the last days of the Venerable Bede, have an abiding religious interest for Christians of every Church; and "The Death of Copernicus," as the soliloquy of a pious philosopher, anxious to reconcile Science with Divine Revelation, may rank with several of Browning's profoundest and sincerest poems. We should think, of the other compositions here republished, that "The Search after Proserpine," a most beautiful and affecting story of classical mythology, treated in a romantic spirit and style, is the likeliest to please the majority of readers. The author's mastery of lyric measures is remarkable, but not more so than the harmonious and flexible structure, in this poem, of his blank verse, though we cannot say the same of the extracts from his "Alexander the Great." With regard to the latter, there is no judging of a dramatic work by detached scenes, and we do not happen to have ever read it as a whole. In the "Lines written under Delphi" we have the reflections of a thoughtful student of general history, and of an earnest religious believer, impressively enunciated in a good poetical sermon. The Sonnets are as good as fabrics of that pattern are made; and we hold that the writer of a correct and graceful sonnet has taken a pass degree in the art of versifying, though he may never attain lyrical honours. Mr. Aubrey De Vere is one of our few contemporary poets deserving the title, and is a serious original thinker, which is a still better claim to attention, we take it, in the present age.

Bloomsbury and St. Giles's, Past and Present. By George Clinch. (Truslove and Shirley.)—London topographical history forms an increasing library, to which this instructive volume, by a competent antiquary, Mr. Clinch, of the British Museum Books Department, is a valuable addition. The West Central District is a metropolitan quarter of great social and literary interest, though now less fashionable as a residence than it was in the last century; and its past changes of occupation, its architectural features, and the classes and notable individuals by whom it has been inhabited, are worthy of inquiry and description. We learn that, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "St. Giles-in-the-Fields" was merely a suburban village at the farther end of Oldbourne, now called Holborn, beyond which, at Tyburn, lay the forest of Maryle-

bone, then a hunting-ground. Houses began to arise in Drury-lane, in Great Queen-street, in Bloomsbury, and on the south side of Holborn, early in the seventeenth century, while Lincoln's-inn-fields was also laid out by Inigo Jones. The old manor of Blemundsbury (Bloomsbury), named from the family of its owner in the reign of Henry III., passed, in 1668, with the manor of St. Giles, from the Earls of Southampton, who had bought this estate, to the family of the Duke of Bedford, by the marriage of Lady Rachel to the noble and unfortunate Lord William Russell (who was beheaded in Lincoln's-inn-fields); and the parish of St. George was created in 1724. Great part of this estate, consisting of Bloomsbury-square, Bedford-square, Russell-square, and the adjacent streets, assumed an aristocratic character in the middle of the eighteenth century. The removal, in 1800, of Bedford House, once called Southampton House, which stood on the site of Bedford-place, was accompanied by extensive buildings to the north, under the direction of Burton, who was also the architect of those to the east, on the Foundling Hospital estate. Among noted residents in or about the Bloomsbury neighbourhood were Steele, Colley Cibber, Lord Mansfield, Akenside, Churchill, Gray, Dr. Burney, Lord Eldon, Isaac Disraeli, and Sir T. Lawrence; Charles Dickens lived close to Tavistock-square. The burning of Lord Mansfield's house and library in Bloomsbury-square, by the Gordon rioters of 1780, is well known. Montague House, purchased from Lord Halifax in 1753, was the chosen site of the British Museum, which is not exactly a parochial institution. Apart from Bloomsbury, the district comprised in this local history contains much that is of historical interest. Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, though not in St. Giles's parish, are near enough, perhaps, to supply a couple of chapters. On the other side, there is the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, which had its notorious "rookeries" within our recollection, and which has witnessed great changes and contrasts of condition. Mr. Clinch describes the parish charities, the churches and chapels, the special hospitals, the two great breweries, the old taverns, the grand establishment of Messrs. Pears and Co., New Oxford-street, and Mudie's Library. Londoners have many reasons to feel quite at home in St. Giles's, and only want the promised new good street to connect it with Temple Bar. This volume is furnished with many illustrations, mostly copied from rare engravings and ancient maps in the British Museum. It is not badly arranged and compiled, and should have a place on the regular Londoner's bookshelves. The same publishers, Messrs. Truslove and Shirley, of St. Paul's Churchyard, have recently issued a descriptive history of "Norwood and Dulwich," by Mr. Allan M. Galer, of Worcester College, Oxford, with illustrations, which is a good work of the kind.

Holiday Studies of Wordsworth. By the Rev. F. A. Malleon. (Cassell and Co.)—This reprint of a few papers written by the Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness, for *Good Words*, the *Sunday at Home*, and another magazine, will, perhaps, be acceptable to readers who still relish the ever more diluted infusion of Wordsworthian sentiment in prose description and commentary dealing with moorland and mountain scenery. Bolton Abbey and Wharfedale, Grasmere, and the banks of the Duddon are localities invested by story and sonnet with much romantic interest, but have already been copiously illustrated by literary essays of this kind; and Mr. Malleon does not add much to our previous acquaintance with their natural aspects, and with the anecdotes, legendary or authentic, concerning notable inhabitants of those districts. One contribution to the store of Wordsworthiana he does furnish which has the merit of original information. Among his parishioners, in 1872, was Sarah Davies, a poor woman then dying of consumption, who was a native of Grasmere, and who was the identical little girl Sarah Mackereth, when ten years of age, that plunged into a stream at flood to save a drowning lamb—an incident commemorated in one of Wordsworth's minor poems. Mr. Malleon also knows two old ladies at Broughton-in-Furness who were baptised by the Rev. Robert Walker, the estimable clergyman and schoolmaster of Seathwaite, deceased in 1802, and renowned for his long life of exemplary industry, fidelity, and charity, related in a memoir that is appended to ordinary editions of Wordsworth. The latter part of this rather thin volume is made up of an account of the author's rambles in Western Switzerland, and in the Italian Tyrol, regions almost as familiar to English tourists as Westmoreland and the Yorkshire dales. Wordsworth also had something to say about Switzerland, but he travelled over different ground. The Cantons of Neuchâtel, Fribourg, and Vaud are too little known to our countrymen, and Mr. Malleon's observations there, including his description of Grandson, near which the Swiss defeated Charles of Burgundy, have some freshness of interest. Bormio, the Stelvio Pass, and Meran afford the subjects of the remaining chapters, written during a sojourn at Bormio as acting English chaplain seven years ago.

London Street Arabs. By Mrs. H. M. Stanley. (Cassell and Co.)—The accomplished lady formerly known as Miss Dorothy Tennant, whose recent marriage to the famous African explorer was an event of much social interest, needs no introduction to the public as an artist of some talent with a kindly predilection for those diverting specimens of humanity, troublesome occasionally, but still amenable to civilisation, the "young barbarians all at play" in the open thoroughfares of this great city. We wish Mr. Stanley would reside in London, and take in hand the task of reclaiming them, after he has done with the black fellows of the Congo Free State; but in the meantime we appreciate Mrs. Stanley's benevolent as well as clever graphic efforts to represent their figures and habits in the light of genial drollery and humorous sympathy, without which inspiration, to accompany philanthropic zeal, there is little chance of reaching the hearts of boys too long left idle and neglected by the indispensable serious schoolmaster. In a frank and agreeable preface of seven pages she tells us how she has always been fond of "ragamuffins"; how her girlish fancy was to study their everyday life in Seven Dials or Drury-lane; and how she has found delightful subjects among the frolicsome groups of careless youth on the Thames Embankment, in St. James's Park, or in Battersea Park, certainly not the less picturesque for their outward integument of dirt and rags. We like the little girls best, for our own part, especially when they are in charge of babies; and it is pretty to see them dancing to the music of a hand-organ; but these also find a place in Mrs. Stanley's affections. This volume contains about forty of her drawings, some of which have appeared in *Little Folks*, the *Quiver*, and other popular magazines, and a few of them were designed to illustrate stories of the family life of the London poor. Their characteristic force and truth, the vivacity of expression and the unconscious grace of attitudes and gestures, render them works of artistic quality, and their publication will do some good.

The Warden of King's College Hospital has received £1000 from Mr. Matthew Whiting, and the ward, which had been closed for want of funds, will at once be reopened.

The Earl of Derby distributed the prizes on Sept. 26 to the students of the Liverpool School of Science and Technology. The proceedings took place in St. George's Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. Thomas Hughes), and there was a very large attendance. Lord Derby has given further evidence of his interest in the school by giving £200 to provide two more special prizes.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

The winter season looms upon us, and the great scientific gatherings of the year are now things of the past. The British Association's meeting of 1890, as far as one may gather, was fairly successful, although one heard reports of the extreme length of the presidential address. In my humble opinion, the address was of far too technical a character for a popular audience; and I say this, bearing in mind Sir F. Abel's high reputation as a chemist. It would almost seem as if the grand old days of the British Association had departed in earnest. We get no great scientific treats nowadays, such as we were accustomed to expect when Carpenter, Huxley, Tyndall, Lubbock, and others were active members of the Association. The sectional meetings also scarcely seem to exhibit the interest of bygone days. I am convinced, either that the public do not find a sufficient amount of "understandable" pabulum at the meetings, or that, however important the scientific work may be which is achieved, it does not appeal to the people. If scientists only knew how much they lose when they fail to interest the public in their work, we should hear less of the non-success of our scientific meetings. Doubtless, there are many technical topics which cannot be "understood of the people"; but that remark should not apply to the work of an association which avowedly caters for public favour. That the British Association may regain all its lost headway, and be a power, as of old, among us, for the diffusion of scientific instruction, must be the wish of all who have the interests alike of science and of popular education therein at heart.

Plagues of rats appear to be so numerous nowadays that one might desire the services of a Pied Piper for districts in Lincolnshire and elsewhere, at home, and for the South Island of New Zealand, abroad. It would seem that in the latter place the bush rat (*Mus Maorium*) swarms in thousands, in the spring, at intervals of about four years. This species is very different from the brown and black rats. Its fur, above, inclines in tint to a blackish hue, while below it is coloured white or greyish. The average weight is two ounces, and the head is small and the snout blunt in conformation. It would seem (according to an account given by Mr. J. Rutland) that in the open these rats move with difficulty, and in fields are, accordingly, readily caught. They are, however, most expert climbers of trees, to which, when threatened, they fly for shelter. When pursued, they cry out with fear, and in this latter trait of character differ materially from the ordinary rat. Mr. Rutland relates that one of the bush rats, having been disturbed by a plough, gave vent to its climbing propensities by running up the reins of the horses. It seems clear the bush rat is an unsophisticated member of its clan, which has not, as yet, learned any of the ways of the wary "domesticated" animal.

Under the title of "Caught by a Cockle," a correspondent of *Nature*, writing from H.M.S. Dart, New Hebrides, thus describes what is certainly a very curious and notable incident: "I have often intended writing to you describing a curious occurrence which I witnessed on the coast of Queensland in September 1889, but I have as often forgotten to do so when the opportunity came. While out shooting, along a sandy beach, I noticed a small muddy patch just covered by the rising tide. In this I observed a bird, a sand-piper, which seemed to be striving in vain to rise. I could not think how

the bird had become caught, but on coming up to it I found that one claw of one foot was firmly held by a large cockle (about 1½ in. by 2 in.) Of course the bird would have been drowned eventually (though the benefit to be derived by the cockle seems rather problematical); and though it seemed to be aware of its danger, yet it had made no attempt to free itself by trying to bite through the claw, as one sometimes reads of animals doing when caught in traps. As I believe this is rather an uncommon incident, I must make that my excuse for troubling you."

The "dull season"—journalistically regarded—has this year been prolific of several discussions on popular topics, that of "Matrimonial Agencies" included. The amount of commonplace trash contributed to daily papers by writers who have no idea whatever of the proper mode of expressing their thoughts, is simply appalling; but now and then one lights upon a sensible contributor who goes straight to the kernel of the question as it appears to his mental view. One writer frankly told his fellow-correspondents, who had complained of the lessened number of marriages, that the solution of the problem was to be found in the fact that, as women were largely entering the lists against men as workers, it was becoming more and more difficult, as a result of this feminine competition, for men to acquire incomes sufficient to enable them to marry. I notice, curiously enough, that in Massachusetts the Statistical Bureau has been collecting information relative to the influence which female labour exerts on vital statistics of a country. Some fifty cities and towns were examined in this connection in the State of Massachusetts; these towns containing more than 50 per cent. of the whole population of the State. The result of the investigation is practically to show that female employment has not lessened either the number of marriages or the number of births. On the death-rate, female labour seems to have exercised no influence, in so far as increase is concerned at least. In this country, I believe, the same opinions have been arrived at by statisticians. In Massachusetts, in 1875, the proportion of women occupied in what are called "gainful" trades was 21·3 per cent. of the whole population; in 1885, the proportion had increased to 35 per cent. The female population, in other words, had increased 17·7 per cent., while the number of working women had increased 64·6 per cent. The question whether this increase prevents marriages seems to be answered, so far, in the negative; but bachelors, as we all know, are extremely difficult to convert.

I suppose most of my readers, long ere they read these words, will have returned to their homes from holidaying, full of new and, let me hope, pleasant experiences. Might I suggest that we should regularly place on record, in the newspapers, for the benefit of whom it may concern, any travelling experiences which are uncomfortable or the reverse? I do not mean that we should reiterate the ancient saws of the tourist—as, for instance, how and why one should never drink unfiltered water abroad, or use soda-water or other waters served up in syphons. But, apart from such well-worn information, many of us might place on record our fortunes and misfortunes when we wander from home; one late result of such ventilation of grievances, for example, being the abolition of the close inspection of the handbags of Continental travellers landing on our shores. My own special grievance, this year, is the exceptionally asinine fashion in which the Western Railway of France will persist in placing too few carriages on its trains between Paris and Dieppe, and

vice versa. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway provide excellent accommodation on their side of the Channel, but when you land at Dieppe or start from Paris, you invariably find the railway accommodation of much too limited a nature. I trust the English company just named will protest to their French confrères against their short-sighted policy of spoiling their traffic by want of sufficient accommodation. In England we are not stuffed and penned, like sheep, fowls, or pigs, into stuffy carriages, but at least have room to breathe, as a rule. Railway intolerance and officialism in France are bad enough to bear; but on a great main line one would imagine things should be differently and better contrived than is the case with the Western Railway.

ANDREW WILSON.

The sixty-eighth session of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution opened on Oct. 1. About two hundred classes meet weekly, in commercial and technical subjects; mathematics; natural, applied, and mental science; languages, history, literature, art, music, law, &c. Special classes are arranged for University, Civil Service, and other examinations. The classes are open to both sexes. On Wednesday evenings lectures will be delivered in the large theatre of the institution.

Lady Wimborne has opened at Poole a gymnasium and museum presented to the town by Mr. John Joseph Norton, who, three years ago, gave a free public library in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. The present building is intended to commemorate the Prince of Wales's visit in January, and has cost about £5000. As a token of their appreciation of his services to the town, the Council have presented to Mr. Norton the honorary freedom of the borough with a handsome silver casket.

The Duke of Cambridge has awarded a sum of over £500 as prizes for skill at arms and driving among non-commissioned officers and men of six horse, fourteen field, and fourteen garrison batteries of the Royal Artillery, mostly stationed at home. The prizes vary in value from £4 to £1, and of the 253 recipients the best record has been made by Corporal T. Ellis, of the J Battery, R.H.A., stationed at St. John's-wood. The next best are Sergeant T. E. Higgins, 40th Battery Southern Division, at the Isle of Wight; and Sergeant J. Garwood, 6th Field Battery, at Woolwich.

The result of the competition for the championship of the Queen's Westminster has been declared. The winner of the gold badge and £15 was the celebrated gold medallist, Sergeant Fulton, who, with an aggregate total of 688, was well in front of everybody. Lance-Corporal Cook took the silver medal with 653 points, closely followed by Sergeant Wilson, who, with 631 points, took the bronze medal. In the aggregate prizes for the best three out of six monthly competitions, Sergeant Fulton again came out first with a total of 285, and Lance-Corporal Cook second, with 273. Private Bacchus was third with 270.

At a sale of fat stock, the property of the Queen and the Duchess of Albany, at the Home Park, Hampton Court, ninety bullocks and a hundred Southdown wether sheep were offered, and nearly all were sold. The bullocks realised a total of £1487 10s., or an average of about £17 10s. The sheep fetched from 51s. to 59s. 6d. per pen of five, or about 6s. 8d. per stone.—The twenty-eighth exhibition and sale of short-horn cattle of the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society has been opened in Bingley Hall, the entries numbering 263. Among the exhibitors are the Queen, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Lathom, Lord Penrhyn, Earl Beauchamp, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Derby.

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Walter A. Lidington, Esq., Handicapper
and Starter, West Kent Harriers, writes:—
"March 3, 1890.

"I am desired by the members of the above club to inform you that they have used your Embrocation for a considerable period, and that they think it more beneficial than any other that has been introduced into the club.

"For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

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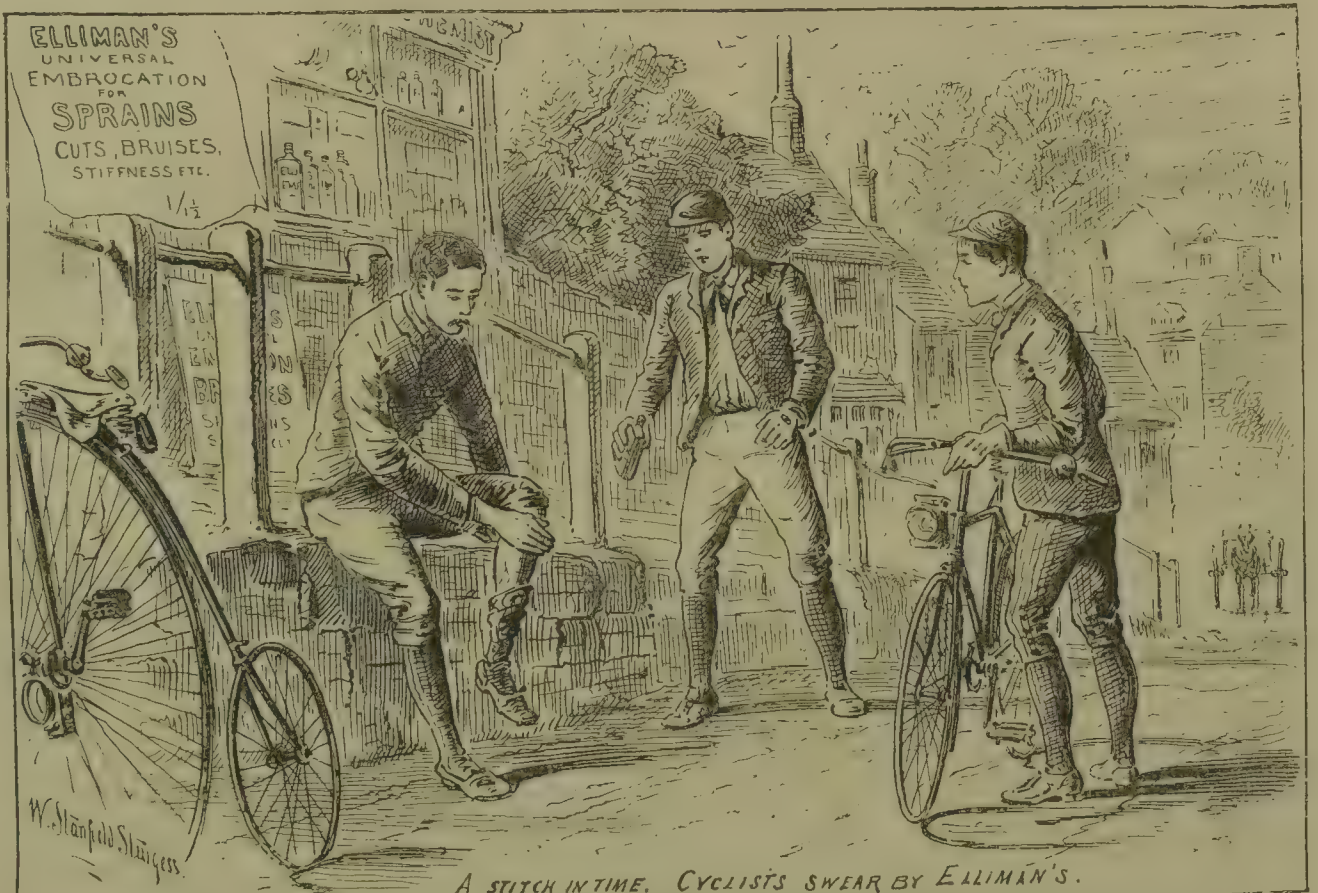
Harry J. Burden, Esq., Hon. Sec. Peckham
Harriers, writes:—
"June 21, 1890.

"I have used your Universal Embrocation for some considerable time, and found it invaluable for sprains and stiffness after long and short distance running. The members of my club have used it, and find it more beneficial than any other introduced, and now they would not do without it."

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The Championship Team of the Finchley
Harriers states:—
"August 17, 1888.

"Cross-country runners in particular derive great benefit by using Elliman's Embrocation previous to taking part in long-distance races, as it protects them from colds and chills. Persons taking part in athletic exercises should give the Embrocation a trial, as it not only relieves sprains and bruises, but also prevents any of the ill-effects caused by over-exertion."

RHEUMATISM.

Captain G. H. Mansell, R.N., Pembroke
Villa, Shirley, Southampton, writes:—
"October 13, 1888.

"Have derived great benefit by using your Embrocation for rheumatism."

CYCLING.

From L. Fabrellas, Saint Sebastian, Spain.
"April 16, 1890.

"I am a member of a Cycling Club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your universal Embrocation, which was recommended to me by Monsieur Henri Beconnais, Champion Cyclist of France, last year."

CRAMP.

Chas. S. Agar, Esq., Forres Estate Mas-
sella, Ceylon, writes:—
"April 21, 1889.

"In cases of acute rheumatism I have used it on coolies, as also for strains. The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."
"CHAS. S. AGAR."

SPRAIN.

From Robert J. Walker, Esq., F.R.G.S.,
F.R.H.S., Royal Colonial Institute,
Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

"June 21, 1887.

"Sir,—I cannot refrain from sending you word to say how much I have benefited by using your 'Embrocation.' About a month since I contracted a most severe sprain. This occurred whilst playing cricket. I used your lotion, not believing that it would do the sprain any good whatever, but I must confess that the second application gave considerable relief, and two bottles cured the same. I shall always keep a bottle by me. To cricket players it ought to be invaluable.—
Yours truly,
"ROBT. J. WALKER."

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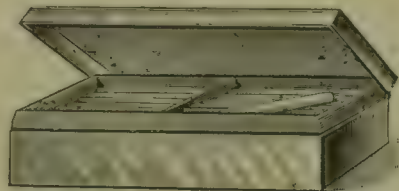
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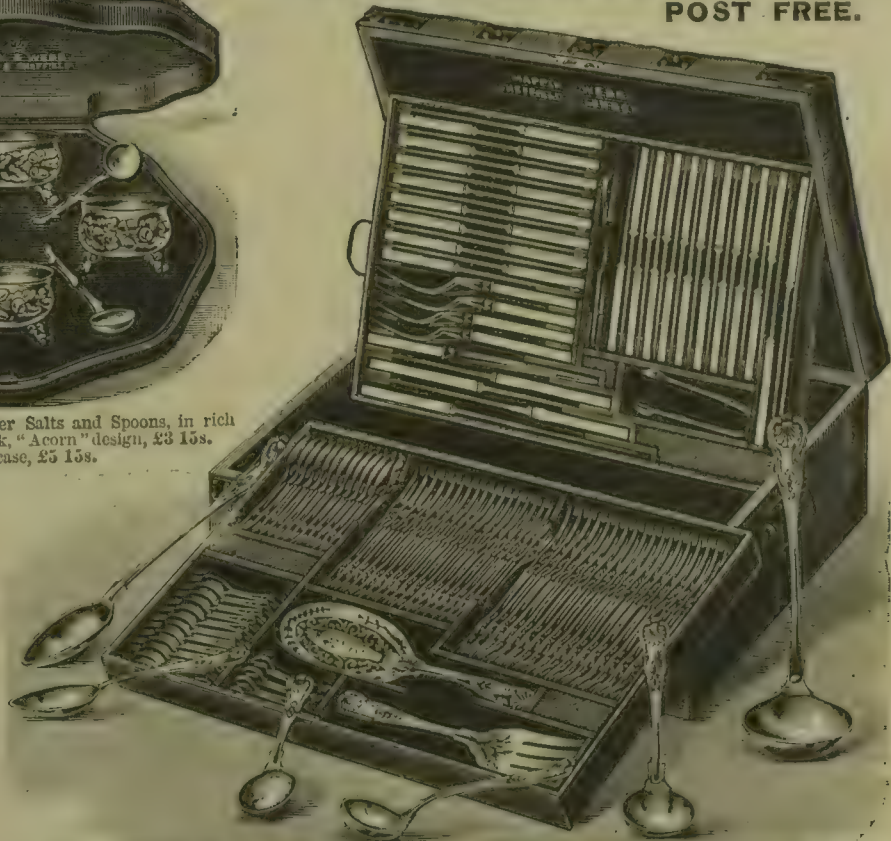
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Wedding-dresses are, as a rule, so monotonously of white, trimmed with lace and pearls, that they are the least interesting of garments to describe or to hear about, however pretty they may be actually to behold. Lady Helen Duncombe, married to Sir Edgar Vincent, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Sept. 24, made a magnificent departure from that commonplace of costume. Her remarkably beautiful dress had a petticoat of ivory satin, with a belt of silver bullion, and a Court train of white brocaded with silver lilies, which were outlined with raised hand-embroidery in the faintest possible shade of green, while the stems were indicated in a slightly deeper green, and the long centre stamens of the flowers were done in the natural pale yellow. It was altogether so delicately designed and so artistically executed that one could not say that there was colour in the dress: it had more the effect of a white gown on which were thrown the fine tracings of tint that come through a window of old stained glass when the sun shines. It was decidedly novel; and the exquisite piece of embroidery may justly be held as a possession for generations to come, an heirloom to show that the art of needlework was far from lost in this century of intellect.

Wedding-customs differ in every generation; and the introduction of any novelty, such as the extension of the canonical hours for the marriage ceremony, naturally increases the general uncertainty as to what may and what may not be done. Mrs. Heaton Armstrong (known to readers of the *Lady's Pictorial* as "Comme il Faut") has an amusing and witty as well as instructive article in the *Woman's World* (a magazine which becomes more attractive to ladies every month) on "Persistent Delusions in Etiquette," in which she observes that "the majority of the questions addressed to her turn upon weddings, and the fossilised ideas presented to the arbitrator are almost worthy the attention of the antiquary." The bridegroom who thinks that he has to provide carriages for the bridesmaids; the other one who supposes that his bride finds the house and table linen now as she did in the days when all a girl's youth was spent in spinning and weaving for her own trousseau; the best man who wants to know if he pays the fees for the wedding out of his own pocket; the bride's mother who fears that she must find carriages for all the guests to go in from the church to the house; and the bridegroom who asks for information about "those extinct specimens of humanity known as groomsmen," are all among Mrs. Armstrong's entertaining correspondents. But, she adds, it is the wedding-tea, the product of the

modern legislation about hours, that gives rise to the most confusion. "Countless queries pour in as to how the meal is served, where the people sit, and what is the nature of the refreshments. There is one sentence which might be always set up by the printer and kept ready for use, and that is, 'Let the servants stand behind the buffet and hand the cups across to the visitors.' Another sentence so often reiterated as to produce a feeling of sickness on the part of the writer is, 'Tea, coffee, and champagne, various kinds of cups; every kind of sandwich.' But why pursue the wearisome theme? In the course of another half-century the idea of a wedding-tea will have reached the mind of the average reader; and the etiquette writer of to-day may feel an unselfish pleasure in thinking that she has made the path easier for her successor."

A French writer and "village squire," M. Pierre Loti, has just revived in his household an amiable old wedding-custom. The bride and bridegroom were given their wedding-feast in the dining-room where they were wont to stand and wait; the master and mistress made themselves the servants of the occasion, and attended to the comfort of the humble company. We may be quite sure that a "wedding-tea"—which scarcely differs in its fare from that of any ordinary afternoon "at home" in London, or garden party in the country—would not meet the views of servants whose masters did them the honour of providing and waiting at the wedding-feast. A substantial meal would be expected; such as Harriet Martineau gave when her favourite maid married the schoolmaster of Mary Carpenter's ragged-school. The two distinguished ladies undertook the setting-out of the table for the wedding-breakfast, and it occupied them a long time on the evening preceding the ceremony; while the bride herself had been cooking for it a week beforehand. That is the sort of meal to give, if you provide your favourite servants fare on such an occasion; but elaborate and heavy "wedding-breakfasts" are completely out of fashion now in society.

It was noticed at the crowded ceremony by which "General" Booth ratified the marriage of his son to a female "Commander" in the Salvation Army that the vow differed in no respect from that of the Church service except in the significant one of the omission of the bride's promise to "obey." This alteration was only consistent in a body which so fully recognises both the powers and the duties of women as separate human souls, whose burdens cannot be borne and whose consciences cannot be satisfied by the interposition of the authority of another human creature. It is the spirit of Protestantism—the duty and the right of private judgment as against prone submission to a leader in matters of conduct—

carried to its legitimate conclusion in this relationship as in every other. I have often asked Church clergymen to tell me seriously if they did indeed think, on reflection, that a woman is bound by her wedding-vow to do what she believes wrong or to refrain from doing what her conscience demands, when her husband orders her to that effect; and I have never found one who would maintain that the vow in question freed the wife from the moral obligation to disobey when she seriously thought proper. Yet obedience rendered only when the command is in accordance with the will and judgment is not obedience at all. So General Booth "had reason," I think.

Passementeries of the most elaborate and expensive design are appearing on the autumn gowns and mantles. This is usually the case when the form and make of our dress is simple. The plain skirts which we now have and the tight-fitting corselet bodices demand some excess of trimming. The new passementeries are largely decorated with natural-looking imitations of gems. The turquoise is, perhaps, the most frequently used; it is a stone which can be admirably imitated. The gems are thickly set in the intricacies of a bullion passementerie, or of one formed of cord to match in colour the stuff on which it is to be applied. Rubies and emeralds are also imitated very well. On a fawn-coloured cloth made with a corselet bodice and a foot-band of silk to match, I saw a passementerie (applied to soften at yoke and skirt the junction of the materials) of a biscuit-coloured cord set with what were presumably meant to imitate opals—opaque milky-looking stones. This was not a success, though: one of the great charms of that beautiful gem is that it has never been counterfeited well enough to deceive even at a casual glance.

Exquisite embroideries in silk on net and on lace are also seen; and a few imitation stones are sometimes introduced in these. Turquoise blue is to be a fashionable colour this winter, especially for millinery, and quite a number of bonnets and toques are seen composed of a turquoise velvet flat crown and brim torsade, with an intervening brim of gold and turquoise-studded passementerie, and a couple of black ostrich-tips or bows of ribbon-velvet rising up for trimming at the extreme back. Anybody buying such a bonnet gets one of "the latest things out." Narrow strings of reversible ribbon-velvet are generally worn, starting from the extreme back of the plate-like bonnet-shape. Black strings are sometimes put with all colours, though often the strings match the trimmings. But black lace, or velvet, or feathers, and jet, are mingled in millinery with every conceivable shade of brighter hues, especially blue, red, and green.

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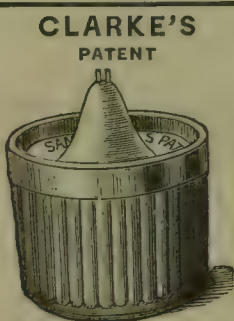
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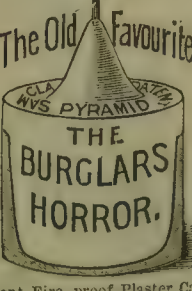
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 19, 1890) of Mr. Frederick Banbury, late of Shirley House, near Croydon, who died on Aug. 13 last, was proved on Sept. 17 by Mrs. Cecilia Laura Banbury, the widow, and Frederick George Banbury, George Banbury, and Edmund Banbury, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £221,000. The testator gives his furniture, plate, pictures, household goods and effects, wines and stores, horses and carriages, £1000, and the lease of his residence to his wife; £5000 to his son George, and he confirms the settlement made on his marriage; £15,000 to his son Edmund; £12,500 to his son Harry Merivale; and legacies to a nephew and to two of his late clerks. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood. On her death or marriage again he bequeaths £5000 to his eldest son, Frederick George, but does not make any further provision for him; as he is otherwise so much better provided for than his brothers; £10,000 to each of his said three younger sons; £20,000 to each of his five daughters, Cecilia Ann, Julia, Edith, Eleanor Margaret, and Maud, but any moneys settled by him on them are to be brought into account, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his three younger sons.

The will (dated April 3, 1889) of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Cartwright, J.P., M.P. for South Northamptonshire 1858-68, late of Eydon, Northamptonshire, who died on July 26 last, was proved on Sept. 18 by Henry Aubrey Cartwright, the son, and Thomas Robert Brook Leslie Melville Cartwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, pictures, books, household furniture and effects equally between his five children, Henry Aubrey, Lucy Julia, Maud, Edward Arthur, and William Digby; £12,500, upon trust, for his daughter Lucy Julia; £2500 to his daughter Mrs. Maud Thursby, in addition to £8000 settled on her at her marriage; £10,500 each to his two sons Edward Arthur and William Digby; £100 to his executor, Mr. T. R. B. L. M. Cartwright; and legacies to his housekeeper, butler, head gardener, and coachman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, Henry Aubrey.

The will and three codicils, and deed of disposition of Scotch property, of Mrs. Isabella Lawson, late of Aldborough Manor, Yorkshire, widow, last surviving child of the late Mr. John Grant of Nuttall Hall, Lancashire, were proved on Sept. 18, in the principal registry, by the executors, Mr. Basil Thomas Woodd of Conyngham Hall, Knaresborough, and Mr. Thomas Harrison of Wyther Grange, Leeds. The gross value of the personal estate and effects of the deceased is £98,135. The testatrix, after giving several pecuniary and specific legacies, gives to her eldest son, Andrew Sherlock, to whom she in her lifetime gave her Yorkshire estates, all her estates in Scotland, and the advowson of Holy Trinity, Seaton Carew; and devises to her son John Grant, Nuttall Hall, Lancashire, and her estates at Blackley, near Manchester, and at Ramsbottom, Tottington, and Walmersley-cum-Shuttleworth, in the county of Lancaster, and the advowson of the church of St. Andrew at Ramsbottom; and devises to her son Richard her estates in the city of Manchester and Twedle Hill; and bequeaths £3000 to her eldest daughter, Mrs. Jane Wilmot Smith, this being in addition to the settlement made upon her on her marriage; and bequeaths £20,000 to each of her younger daughters, in addition to all other moneys to which

they are entitled under their father's and grandfather's wills; and gives the residue to her said three sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1866) of Mr. Thomas Belk, late of Hartlepool, Durham, Recorder of Hartlepool, who died on June 24 last, has been proved at the Durham District Registry by John Thomas Belk, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £76,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, during widowhood, she maintaining, educating, and bringing up sons until twenty-one, and daughters until marriage; and, subject thereto, for his children, equally.

The will (dated May 1, 1890) of Mrs. Eliza Harris, late of Savile House, Twickenham, who died on July 5 last, was proved on Sept. 19 by Miss Mary Burgess Hudson, the niece, William Treweek, and Charles Robbins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Miners' Hospital, Redruth; £200 each to the Town Mission, Redruth, and the Wesleyan Chapel and Schools, Redruth; £150 to Poole Wesleyan Chapel; £22 to the members of the Illogan Church choir; and legacies to other local chapels and charities. During the lifetime of her residuary legatees, or the survivor of them, one shilling is to be paid on Christmas Eve to one hundred inmates of Redruth Union, one shilling to seventy-five poor old women of Redruth, and sixpence to fifty poor schoolchildren; one shilling each, on Christmas Eve and at Midsummer, to seventy-five poor old women of Illogan, and sixpence each to fifty poor schoolchildren; and one pound at Christmas and ten shillings at Midsummer to the sexton, if he takes care of her father's grave and keeps the marble from being chipped or defaced. Her furniture, plated articles (but not her plate), pictures, wines, household stores, horses and carriages, and £6000 she gives to her said niece, Mary Burgess Hudson; and there are numerous and considerable legacies to or upon trust for brothers, nephews, nieces, and others. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one moiety to her said niece, Miss M. B. Hudson, and the other moiety, upon trust, for her nephew Henry Burgess Hudson, for life, and then for her said niece.

The will (dated July 26, 1881), with four codicils (dated April 27, 1883; Jan. 24, 1884; May 5, 1886; and Aug. 6, 1887), of Mr. William Stobart, late of 12, Paragon, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 17 last, was proved on Sept. 22 by Louis Walter Stobart, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths £2500 to the Countess of Huntingdon's College at Cheshunt; £200 each to the London City Mission, the London Missionary Society, the London Congregational Chapel Building Society, and the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children; £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Church Missionary Society; £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Stobart, but a few articles on her death are to go to his son, William James, and his wife; £1000 per annum to his wife, for life, to be reduced to £400 in the event of her remarriage; £1000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Eliza Bellamy; £1000 each to his two sons, William James and Louis Walter; and some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal property he leaves, upon various trusts, for the benefit of his said two sons and their children, and of his said daughter, her husband and children.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1887) of Mr. Alexander Colman,

late of 14, De Beauvoir-square, West Hackney, who died on Aug. 13 last, was proved on Sept. 19 by Frederick Henry Habben and George Ernest Wainwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to St. Luke's Hospital, and legacies and annuities to grandchildren and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his grandchildren, Edward William Colman, George Colman, Emma Hastain, and Jane Anne Moore, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1887) of Mrs. Frances Coope, late of Clevedon, The Downs, Wimbledon, who died on Aug. 12 last, at Worthing, was proved on Sept. 12 by Corbett Hayward Hunt Cresswell and the Rev. Robert Bruce Dickson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testatrix gives legacies to daughters and others, and leaves the residue of her real and personal estate to her granddaughters, Edith Frances, Amy, Nellie, Eva, and Minna Rose, in equal shares.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Francis Charles Birch, late of Pembroke House, Felixstowe, Suffolk, who died on Aug. 1, were proved on Sept. 13 by the Rev. Francis Charles Birch, the son, Henry James Birch, the brother, and Mrs. Julia Birch, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8726.

The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland has built a new church in Aldborough, North Yorkshire, at a cost of £1500.

The churchyard adjoining St. Mary-the-Virgin, Aldermanbury, has been laid out as a recreation-ground and opened to the public. The church was one of Wren's. The notorious Judge Jeffreys, who lived in the parish, was buried under the Communion table, and Milton married his second wife, Miss Woodcock, there.

Resuming his ministry in the City Temple on Sept. 28, Dr. Parker devoted his one-minute sermon to ecclesiastical matters. "The Church of England," said he, "was never doing more work or securing for itself more golden opinions as a spiritual agency than it is doing at this moment. It is supreme in all kinds of ability. It is making the life of Nonconformity more and more difficult. I am glad of it. It is time that we studied the age more deeply and more practically. The Church Congress, now about to assemble, has a magnificent programme to discuss. I say this without bating one jot or tittle of my Nonconformity, and with the distinct conviction that, were she thrown more completely on her own resources, the Church of England would surprise herself by the happy possibilities connected with untrammelled action."

A novel telephone experiment was made in Birmingham on Sunday, Sept. 28. Christ Church, New-street, was connected with the telephone exchange, and the service was heard in London, Manchester, Burton, Derby, Hanley, Coventry, and many other places. Transmitters were fixed on the pulpit, the lectern, and the choir-stalls, and the singing and sermon were heard distinctly. The intonation of the prayers, however, was not so audible, but this arose probably from the fact that the officiant was not within voice-reach of the transmitter. The manager of the Telephone Company was responsible for the innovation, but the Vicar, Canon Wilcox, readily consented to the experiment being made. At each of the services the Vicar appealed to those absent in body but present in spirit for subscriptions in aid of the choir and organ fund.

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OCT. 4, 1890

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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FOREIGN NEWS.

At a Cabinet Council held in Paris a sum of 300,000f. has been voted to alleviate the most pressing distress occasioned by the floods in France.—The Anti-Slavery Congress, held at Paris, was brought to a termination on Sept. 23 by a banquet at the Hôtel Continental, presided over by M. Keller, at which fifty guests were present.—A duel with swords took place in the suburbs of Paris, on the 26th, between M. Catulle Mendès and M. Carle des Perrières. During the very first encounter they were wounded simultaneously, M. Mendès in the abdomen and his adversary in the throat. The injuries in both cases are slight.

The Emperor William has contributed 5000 marks to the fund for the relief of the sufferers in the districts inundated by the Elbe, adding the expression of his sincerest sympathy. His Majesty declined the offer of a formal reception at the Austrian frontier; but in Vienna the preparations for his Majesty's arrival, on Oct. 1, were on an extensive scale. Three thousand veteran soldiers obtained the privilege of lining the route of the Imperial procession through the principal streets.

The death of the Duke of Albuquerque, Grand Armourer to the King of Portugal, is announced from Lisbon.

The Washington House of Representatives have finally adopted the McKinley Tariff Bill in its amended form by 151 to 79 votes, the enactment coming into effect on October 6.—About four hundred members of the Iron and Steel Institute and of the German Metallurgical Association arrived in New York to be present at the sessions of the American

Institute of Mining Engineers which took place on Sept. 29 and 30, and the meetings of the Iron and Steel Institute, which commenced on Oct. 1 in Chickering Hall.—Polygamy has been repudiated in a formal manifesto by the President of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, who declares his intention of submitting to the law which prohibits plural marriages.

The Governor-General of Canada left Ottawa on Sept. 29, on an extended tour through the maritime provinces. He will visit the principal mining countries, and will also inspect the works of the Chignecto Ship Railway.—Lord Stanley on Sept. 25 received a petition, signed by over 10,000 Roman Catholics, including Archbishop Tache, praying him to veto the Act of the Manitoba Legislature abolishing the French language, and providing for the establishment of separate schools for Catholics.—Colonel Ivor Herbert, C.B., of the Grenadier Guards, at present Military Attaché to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, has accepted the command of the Canadian Militia, in succession to Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Dobson Middleton.—Birchell's trial for the murder of the young Englishman Benwell was concluded at Woodstock, Ontario, on Sept. 29, when a verdict of "Guilty" was brought in by the jury, and the Judge pronounced sentence of death.

We learn from Granada (Nicaragua) that the great volcano of Mombacho, which has been extinct for centuries, is showing active signs of eruption, and the people there are in daily

dread lest the crater should open and bury the town. The inhabitants are leaving in thousands.

Sir Henry Loch, the Governor of Cape Colony, has started for a tour in Bechuanaland.

Dr. Saumarez Smith, the new Bishop of Sydney, arrived at Sydney on Sept. 30, and met with a hearty welcome. A special service was held in the Cathedral, and there was also a public reception, at which Dr. Smith was presented with an address.

The Bentlif wing of the Maidstone Museum and Library, erected at a cost of about £3000 to perpetuate the memory of Daniel Bentlif, was opened on Sept. 29 by the Mayor.

We are informed that the novel entitled "Love's Loyalty," reviewed last week, is the production of a gentleman, Mr. Cecil Clarke, not of a lady using such a *nom de plume*, as seemed possible to a reader in doubt of the real authorship.

The annual exhibition of the Photographic Society offers a display in every way worthy of those through whose care it is organised. Novelties in apparatus and in manipulation are there in ample variety.

Colonel Charles J. Hadfield, who served with the Royal Marine Brigade in the Crimea during the siege and fall of Sebastopol, has been awarded the Field Officer's Greenwich Hospital pension of £80 a year, void by the death of Major-General W. B. Langford.

LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—Every Evening, at Eight o'clock, will be given a play by Herman Merivale, from the story of "The Bride of Lammermoor"—**RAVENSWOOD.** Mr. Irving, Mr. Terrell, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wrenham, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. Tyars, Mr. Hayland, Miss Marriott, Miss Le Thiere, Mrs. Pauncefort, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five, and during the performance.—**LYCEUM.**

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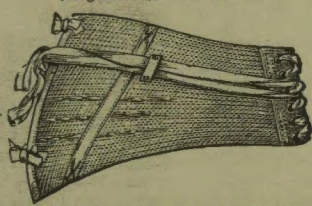
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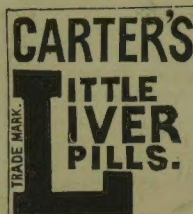
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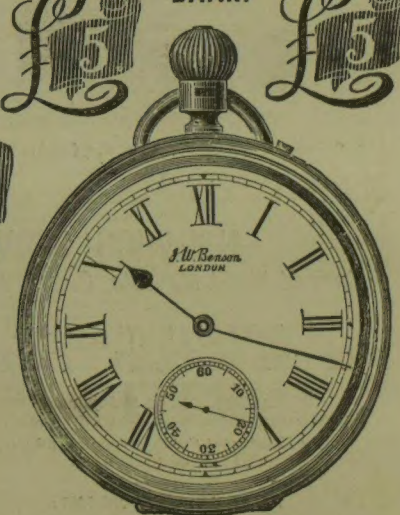
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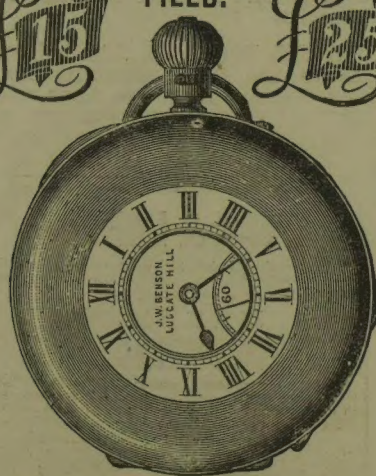
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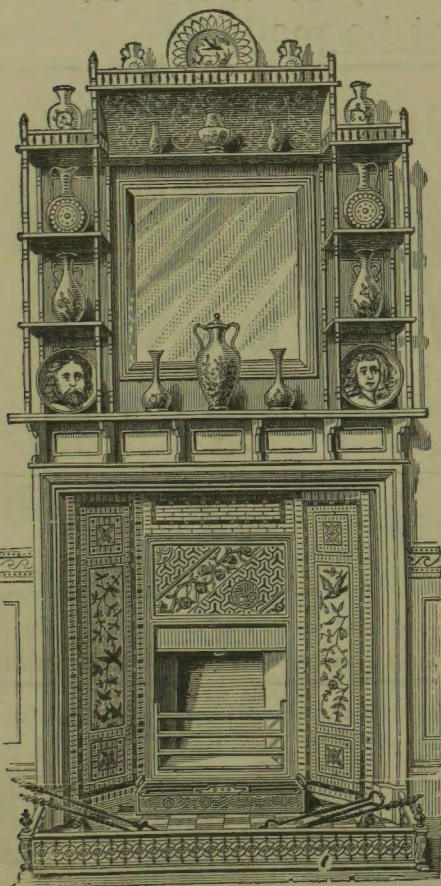


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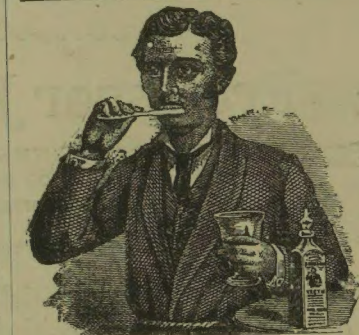
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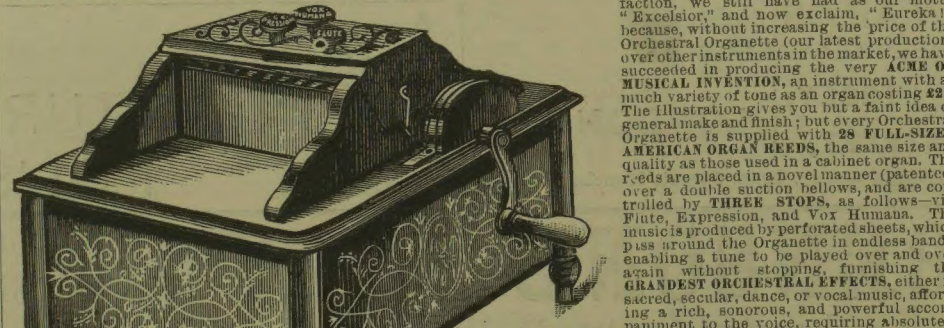
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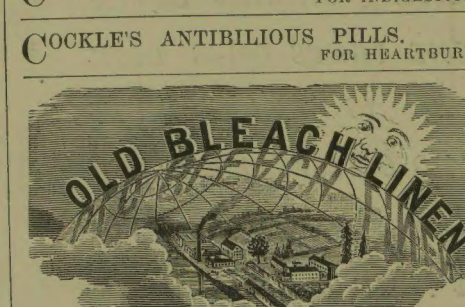
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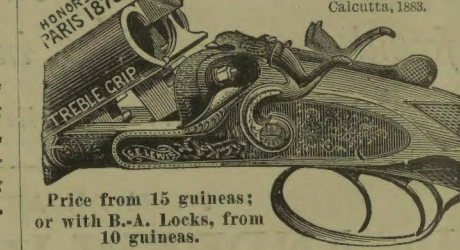
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